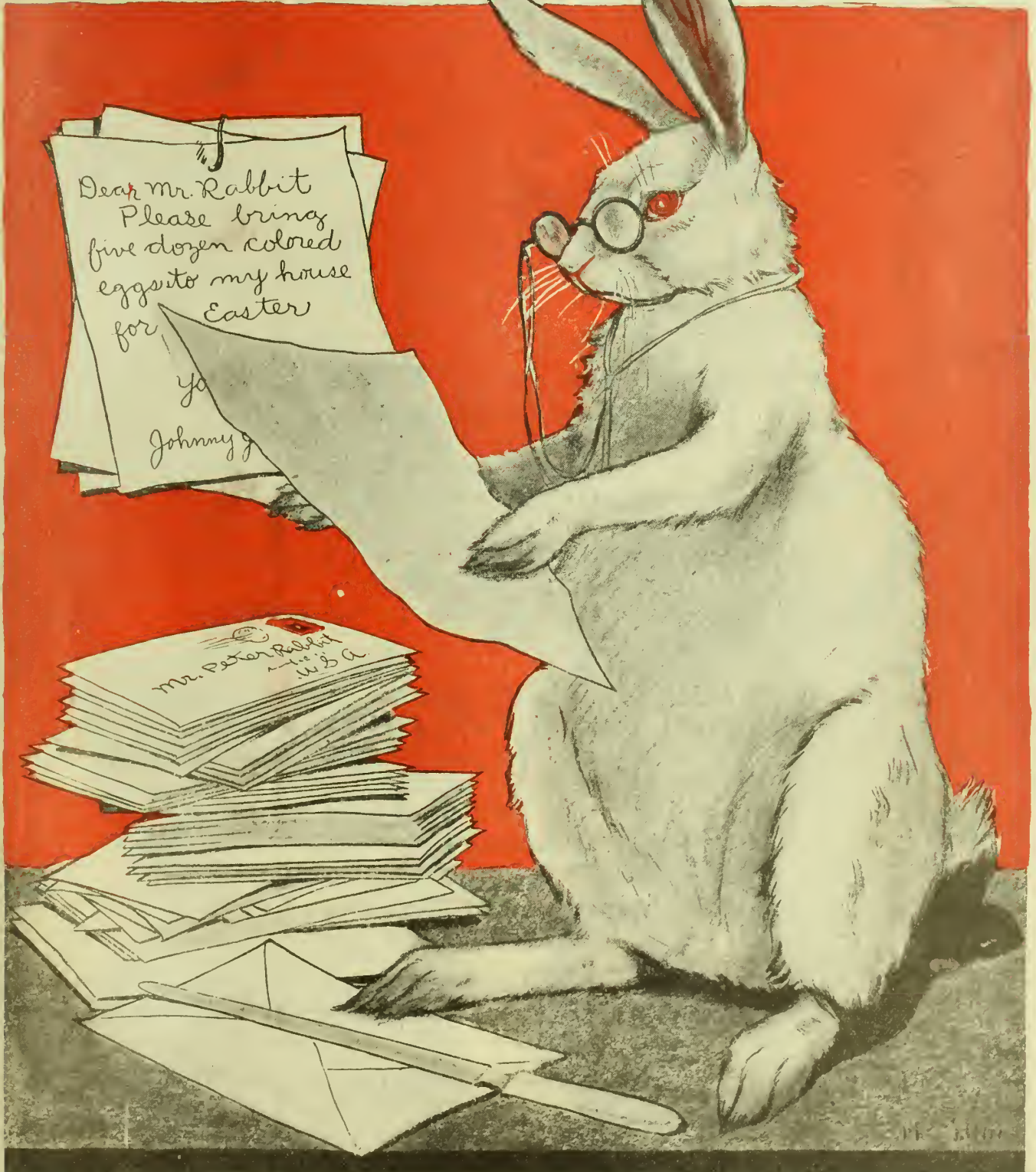
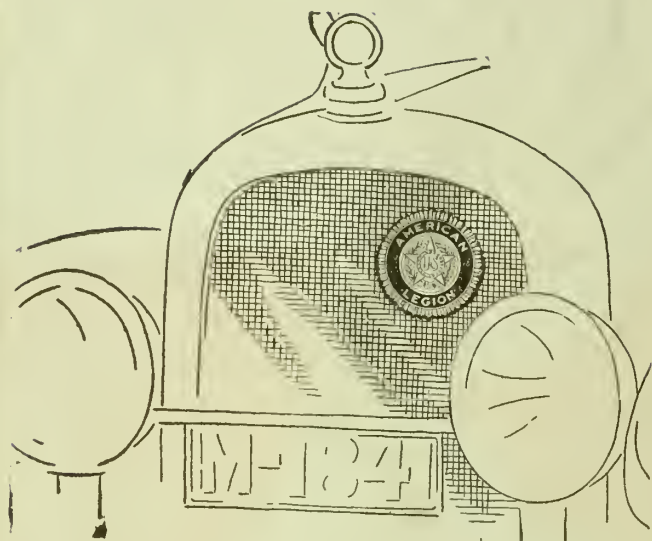


The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly





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EACH

THE coat-of-arms on the White House automobiles identifies the President of the United States. Like the President, you too, can wear an insignia on your automobile that will identify you—an insignia that commands respect of all good Americans. The American Legion automobile decoration is 3¼" in diameter and is enameled in full Legion colors. It is equipped with a bolt and lock nut for fastening thru the honeycomb of the radiator at any desired point.

RADIATOR decorations are only one of many attractive articles to be had. *Grave Markers, Post Banners, American Flags*, and in fact a complete line of *Memorial Day* supplies is available—and all fairly priced. A complete catalog will be mailed upon request.

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Please send me at your risk—One American Legion Automobile decoration. I will
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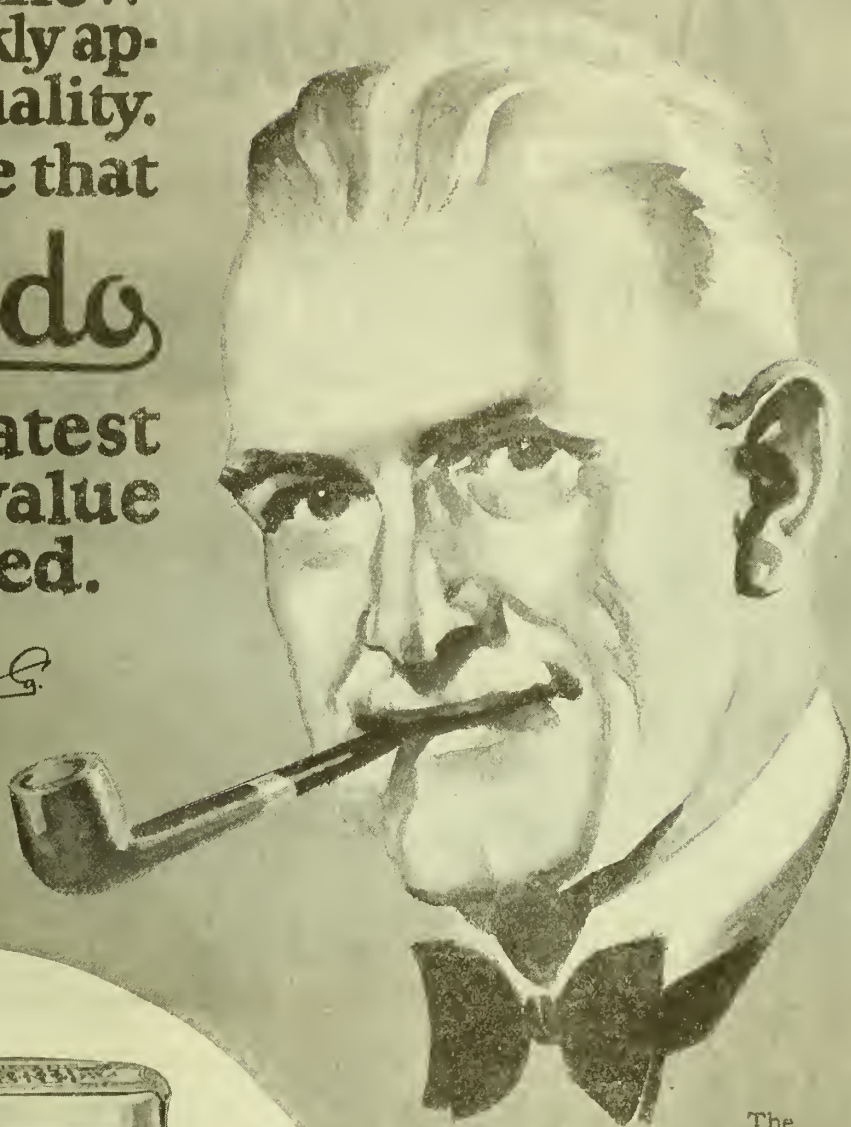
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"I Found a New Way to Become Popular—Quickly"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't wake up until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.



This is Arthur Murray, the world's foremost Dancing Instructor. He has taught more than 120,000 people how to dance through his unique easy learn-at-home methods.

"THAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well-known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing school to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

She Used to Envy Good Dancers

In the short time that I have had to study over the lessons and the very little practicing that I have been able to do, I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lessons. I had always been in the background when attending dances, as all the better dancers were chosen, and I really envied my friends on the dance floor. — Miss Bertha Shipley, Perrysburg, Ohio.

He Had Never Danced Before

I received the instruction book on dancing and I must say that it is more than I expected. Last Saturday I went to a dance and as it was my first occasion I sure was surprised to find your lessons so easy and yet so interesting, that I sure will tell others about your wonderful system. — Clarence V. Mortensen, Earle, Wisc.

Receives Many Compliments

I had wonderful success with your other dances and have been complimented on my dancing since taking your lessons. I also had a surprise for my friends when I informed them that I learned from your wonderful method of teaching by mail. — Walter Rich, Chester, Mass.

Learns in Short Time

I received your course in dancing a few days ago and have been to a couple of dances already. I was much pleased with your instructions. I have a friend who took personal lessons and I am just as good a dancer now as he is. — Arthur Hossek, Flint, Mich.



Posed by Hope Hampton, Movie Star, and Arthur Murray.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

Dancing Now as Easy as Walking

If you can step forward, sideways and backward there is no reason in the world why you shouldn't learn any of the latest dances in one evening and all of the newest steps and dances in a very short time. The Murray method is in no way complicated. The diagrams are so easily understood that even a very small child can learn from them, and a whole family can quickly become perfect dancers from the one set of instructions.

Learn Without Music or Partner

No longer is it necessary to go to a private dancing instructor or public dancing class. Arthur Murray's remarkable methods are so clear that you don't need any partner to help you, neither do you actually require music. But after you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as the world's foremost authority on social dancing. He was chosen to teach the U. S. Naval Academy's dancing instructors the newest ballroom steps. Many of the social leaders in America and Europe have selected Arthur Murray as their dancing instructor. In

fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 120,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learn-at-home system.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c. (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today.

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Studio 208

290 Broadway, New York

Arthur Murray, Studio 208

290 Broadway, New York City

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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PAGE 5

Our Oldest Inhabitants

By Boyden R. Sparkes



THE American people seem to be afflicted with ethnographic color blindness.

They are capable of sublime rages against the injustices suffered by the black men who dwell in the valley of the Congo; they can excite themselves into attending lectures dealing with self-determination for the brown men of Baluchistan, and a mere train-load of white folks held for ransom by Chinese brigands causes them to froth at the mouth. But when the wrongs of the native American red man are up for discussion they are only bored.

These wrongs exist. From time to time they are discussed in Congress. At intervals a delegation of Indians led by some feathered chieftain in red, green and purple pants, and clanking with ornaments, calls at the White House to recite some grievance to the President, and in that way get themselves into the news. For most of us, however, the Indian remains a sort of mythical figure who departed, before we had Fords and radios, along with the herds of buffalo and antelope, excepting, of course, a few specimens kept alive by circuses and Wild West shows—and then, of course, those oil-millionaire Indians of Oklahoma.

Now the truth is that within the

geographical area we call the United States there are today 345,022 individuals who are regarded by the Office of Indian Affairs as Indians. About 165,000 of these are listed as full bloods, about 45,000 as more than half-blood Indians, and about 85,000 as half blood or less than half blood Indians. For thirty years there has been a steady increase in the Indian population. Earliest estimates of the Indian population were mere guesses which took the form of absurdly small figures based on the contacts the whites had with tribes along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico, but in 1830 the United States census indicated that there were 400,760. One report made a decade earlier fixed their number at 471,063. Except as the blood stream of these red-skinned people has been diluted by contact with the whites, they are not disappearing. They are still here and still a problem.

That problem is how best to accommodate a stone age race in the midst of what we are pleased to call our civilization.

There has been no open season on Indians in the United States since 1898 when at Leech Lake, in Minnesota, there was a disturbance involving the Chippewas. That was the last

skirmish of a bloody war between white and red men in the United States, a war that lasted pretty steadily for about one hundred years. The closed season is here for good now, and with it is a prospect that the Indian population will increase.

For most of them the mail-order houses of Chicago and other prosaic institutions supply needs that once were met by the hides of buffalo, deer and other four-footed creatures regarded by the present tenants of this country as vermin. Civilization has nibbled at these aborigines until of the 371 tribes remaining in the United States there are only twenty the bulk of whose members continue to dwell in tepees and wickiups.

MOST of these persistently primitive tribes are living on reservations in Arizona, where there are 43,327 Indians; in New Mexico, where there are 21,569, and in California, where there are 16,000. Other States with large Indian populations are Oklahoma, which has 119,158, including Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles; South Dakota, with 23,448, largely Sioux; and Minnesota, with 13,326 Chippewas and Sioux. Wisconsin has

many Chippewas and Winnebagos. But every State in the Union has Indians in varying numbers down to Delaware, which has two. If all the scattered reservations were lumped into a single territory it would exceed New England in size. But wherever these reservations are they should be the frontier of the American conscience, that line where we are to fight out this problem of how a dominant race should deal with a weak one.

A few societies of friends of the American Indians, organizations with important fibres in the social fabric of the nation that has all but smothered these folks, are making a last stand against cruel mass indifference, local greeds and other forces that have combined to make this race a pitiable object among the other peoples of the world.

A politician who undertook recently to define in a sentence the things we have done to the Indian, said, "First we got him drunk and then we took everything he had."

Our sympathy for him has taken the form of trying to force him to receive ten thousand years of biological development as a tutor might cram a backward student for college entrance examinations. The Indian, with notable exceptions, has resisted these attempts to make of him such a startling salutation.

He was a nomad and we have insisted that he settle down and become respectable according to our own standards. When he resisted this we evolved a slogan, "There is no good Indian except a dead Indian." Failing to exterminate him we established areas called reservations—a sort of zoological park where in theory he could live as his fancy, and some arbitrary agent of the white man's government, dictated. Then as a nation we discovered that these reservations were too large, or that the land was too good for vagabonds, and took it back, being careful to shift—with soldiers—the unhappy tenants to some less desirable region.

SINCE, as has been said, there are some Indians in every State in the Union, about the only way we could be absolutely fair to them would be to take ship for another part of the world and leave them their land, allowing our buildings to remain as interesting archaeological relics for future explorers to ponder over. Since it would be difficult to get a majority vote in favor of this, and, then, too, since the Indians might miss us, some sort of a compromise must be worked out. That is precisely what we appear to have been trying for some years past to do. The difficulty is that once we have agreed on a compromise scheme we do not keep faith with the Indian.

Take, for example, a few sentences from the report for 1922 of Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Certainly it is not his desire to place the Administration he represents in a bad light, and yet he says: "Arizona and New Mexico, with their school population of between 11,500 and 12,000, without any kind of school facilities, constitute the big educational need among Indians. The United States Government more than fifty years ago made a treaty with the Navajo Indians pledging that for every thirty children a school would be provided. Genera-

tions of children have grown up in ignorance and superstition without having the promise fulfilled, and now, while many of their children are well provided for, large numbers are neglected the same as were their fathers and mothers."

DO you remember the Bursum Indian bill? It was introduced in the last Congress by Senator Bursum of New Mexico. It was defeated, but it is to be reintroduced in a fresh guise in the new Congress. The Bursum bill is characteristic of all the injustices the Indian has suffered at the hands of white men. Briefly, it would have given to white squatters title to Indian lands.

The thing that has happened and is happening to the Indians of the New Mexican pueblos is but a repetition of the bullying injustice which the red men and red women and red babies have been forced to endure since the day when Columbus first knelt in the sand on the shore of San Salvador. It would not be entirely accurate to say that we have taken everything from the Indians. As individuals and as tribes they possess property valued by the Indian bureau at \$727,746,397. This valuation includes lands, timber, homes, furniture, poultry, wagons, implements and funds held in trust by the Government. Perhaps that seems a large sum, but Henry Ford alone probably has enough money to buy, if there were no legal barriers, every rag and stick and title of all possessed by the Indians in the country. And if appraised by a second-hand dealer instead of by agents of the Government, it is likely that a lesser fortune than Ford's would match in value everything the red man has managed to acquire or hold on to in his struggle with that force we think of as America.

That force has not been sufficient to eradicate the Indians from what is marked on most sales managers' maps of the United States as "the metropolitan area." There are Indians liv-

ing as primitively as ever, or nearly so, within sight of the glow of New York's night lights. These people dwell in the Ramapo mountains, a range that geologists believe was exuded from the interior of the earth in the same convulsion that made the Appalachians. The Ramapos lie between Pompton, New Jersey, and West Point, New York.

Somewhere through these blue hills runs a scar that was once the Cannonball Trail, over which munitions for George Washington's army were freighted from the forges at Pompton. A strange breed of people called Jackson Whites live in these hills, a race apart. Their ancestry is an involved affair including Indian blood, a heritage of kinky hair from great grandfathers who were runaway slaves, and blue eyes and a thick speech from Hessian soldiers who preferred the stigma of desertion to the floggings and humiliations that were a part of their service against the rebellious American colonists. The descendants of this triple anthropological mixture have left the valleys of the Ramapos to rich folks from New York who have built luxurious country homes there, and they are forced to share the mountainsides and tops with a few Indian families that seem to have kept their ancestry free from complications. These people are Algonquins.

THEY live in huts roofed with odds and ends of lumber over walls of mortised unbarked logs chinked with clay. Their costumes are the cast-off habiliments of the civilization they scorn; their food comes from traps

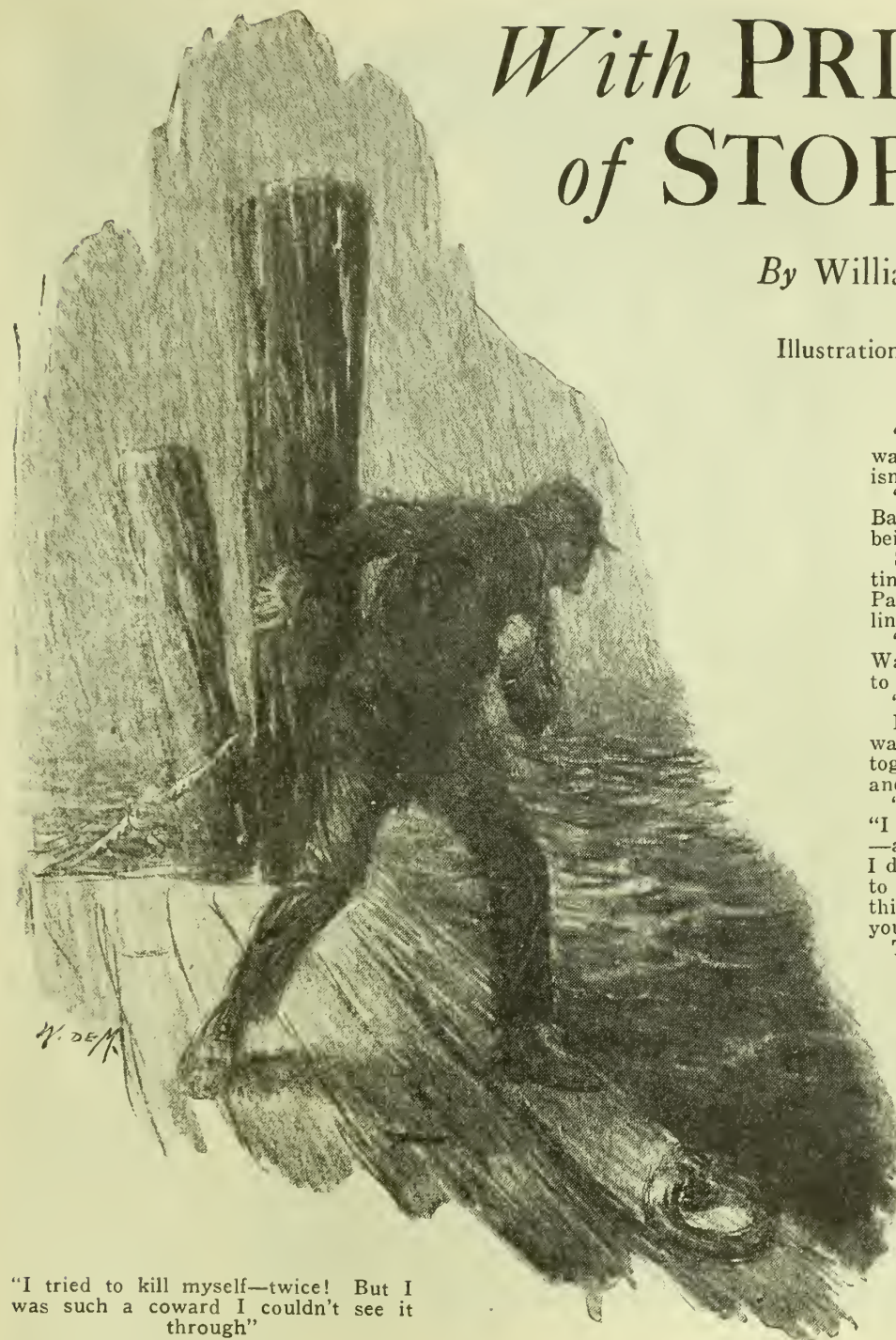
(Con. on page 16)



With PRIVILEGE of STOPOVER

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter de Maris



"I tried to kill myself—twice! But I was such a coward I couldn't see it through"

XIII (contd.)

THE last trace of the make-up "Martin" had used to make him look like Governor Winston during his brief impersonation of the missing man had vanished. He still wore what remained of the clothes in which Bill Patterson had seen him first. But they were in a sorry state; torn, stained with mud and water, they showed conclusively how the storm had dealt with their wearer. Yet, even so, the resemblance of this man to Winston was amazing; Barbara Winston cried out when she saw him, and her eyes clung to him as if she were fascinated. Young Wayne, too, gasped.

Galloway looked tired, but he was buoyed up by an uncontrollable excitement.

"We've got to be alone—some place where we won't be interrupted," he said. "There's a good deal to be said. Miss Winston—I know you don't know me, but I'm a very old friend of your father's—"

She nodded. Bill, watching her, was half amused, half lost in admiration at the way she had met this development. She was holding herself well in check; excited though she obviously was, her attitude toward Galloway was cool.

"You don't know me, either, Barbara," said the sodden wreck. "You did once—a good many years ago. I'm your Uncle Martin."

Even that Barbara took standing up.

"I heard—"

"That I died? Good thing if I had! I didn't though. I—"

"I don't want to butt in—" This was young Wayne. "But this room isn't exactly private—"

"No—we'll go into the library," said Barbara. "I'll give orders about our being disturbed—"

She led the way to the library; Martin and Galloway went in; Wayne and Patterson, confused and distressed, lingered in the hall. Their eyes met.

"I don't want in on this!" said Wayne. "Lord knows what she's going to hear—"

"We can stick around here—"

But when Barbara came back she was smiling. They were standing close together, and she came between them, and took an arm of each.

"Come along in—please," she said. "I think I'm going to need my friends—and you two are the best ones I have, I do believe. Besides—there'll be things to be done, after we get through with this, I think. And I'd just have to tell you, anyway. So—"

They went in with her. Martin sat, slumped down in a big chair; Galloway stood by the hearth.

"I'm going to start the story," he said. "I know about its beginnings. When the time comes I'll let Martin speak for himself."

"Martin Winston here is your father's only brother, Miss Winston. He's down—he's been down for a good many years. I don't want to hit him—I don't want to say more than I must to make the whole business clear. Your father got along, as a young man. He made money; he established himself; he became a rich and substantial man in this State and in this whole country—as you know."

"His brother had bad luck. That's a phrase I don't like—I think, as a rule, it's a dishonest and a false thing to say of a man. But I think it's true of Martin Winston. Your father helped him; he set him on his feet a number of times. I'm not going into great detail—it's not necessary. The time came when your father was unable to save his brother from the consequences of his own folly—"

"Say it!" Martin Winston interrupted, lifting his head. "I stole money—not for the first time. John C. did his best—but I'd gone too far. They sent me to jail. I went to San Quentin—where I belonged."

Galloway nodded.

"That is true," he said, gravely. "I had some part in what was done then. In fact—your father and I quarreled, Miss Winston, at that time, and a



"Here!" he cried as the train began to move. "Come back—your daughter's here!"

friendship that was very old and that meant a great deal to me was interrupted. Your father felt that I might have saved his brother. And—for that occasion—I might have done so. But it would simply have been postponing the inevitable result. Our friendship wasn't resumed for some years—and then in circumstances such that it seemed well to us both to conceal the renewal of our association.

"Martin Winston was released from prison last year. He faced life, nearly forty years old, with his record behind him. But he had paid the price demanded of him for what he had done. In theory—and to a greater extent than is always the case, in fact—he could face the world knowing that he had expiated his past and could begin to build a new life for himself. His brother supplied him with money—with a certain sum in cash, and a promise to pay to him, for as long as might be

necessary, an allowance every month.

"At my suggestion, and for obvious reasons, it was agreed that Martin should continue to be known by the name under which he had been convicted and imprisoned. Martin Winston, with his record of weakness and disaster, was popularly supposed to be dead; it could be of no advantage to him to reappear. So, as Martin Wheeler, your uncle went to San Francisco and entered the employment of a friend and associate of my own, a real estate broker who knew his history and was willing to do what he could to help him.

"Unfortunately, the old temptations still assailed Martin; the old weaknesses still made him their prey. He has told me, and I believe him, that he resisted them. But, be that as it may, they overcame him. He was dismissed from his employment; it became a matter of the gravest possible concern to

your father and to me to know what should be done.

"Your father was concerned for his brother, for whom his natural affection persisted, in spite of everything. He was also—I say it frankly, for it seems to me wholly reasonable that this should be so—gravely disturbed as to the possible effect of his brother's behavior upon his own political career, just then beginning to develop in a way to make us believe that it might be a very great one. His situation was precisely that of a man living in a powder magazine. He faced, at any moment, the possibility of a scandal which no political aspirations could have survived.

"Every possible effort was made to deal with Martin Winston—or Wheeler. He was brought here—this was during your absence in Europe, Miss Winston—and your father and I both tried to make him see his duty."

"Oh, I saw it!" Martin interrupted again, with a bitter laugh. "You mayn't believe me, Galloway, but I tried to kill myself—twice! But I was such a coward I couldn't see it through!"

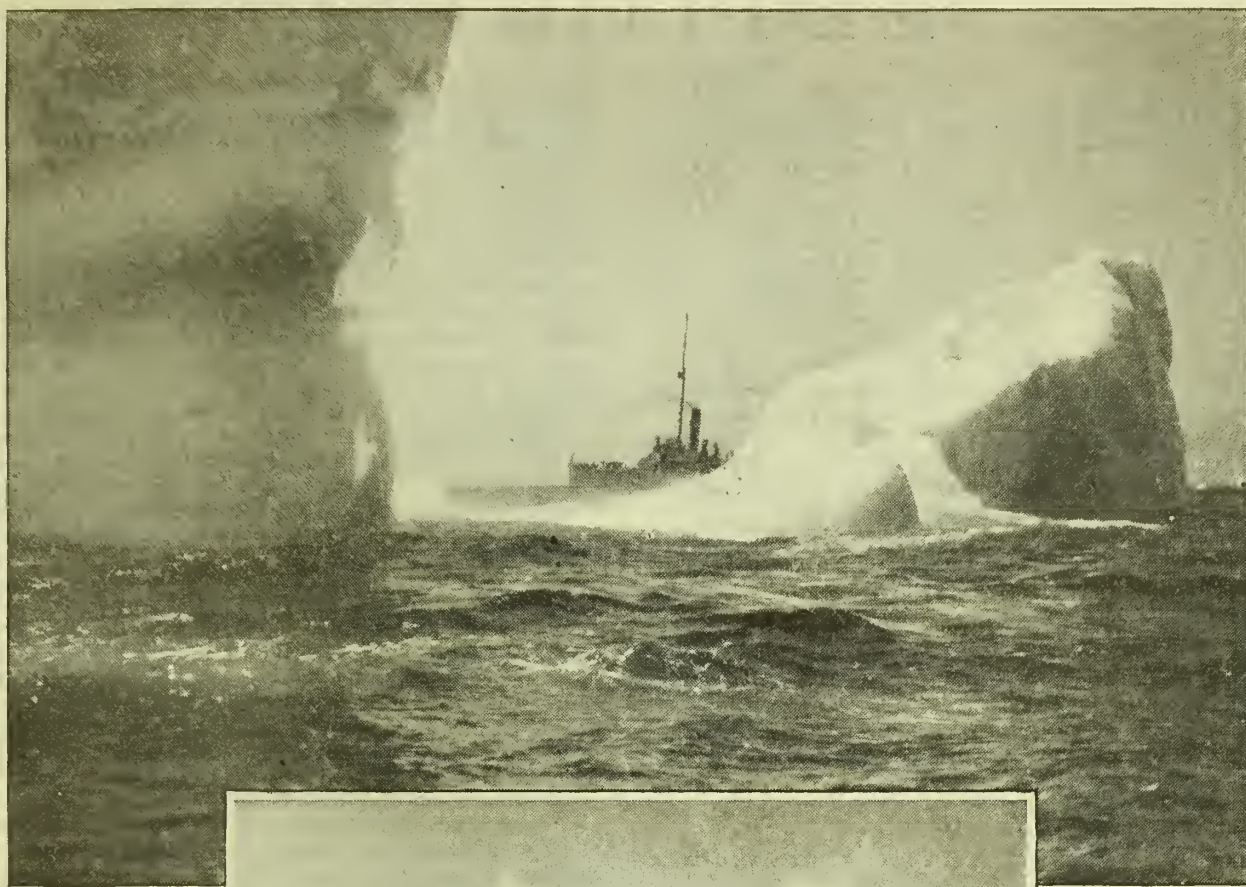
"That was never your duty!" said Galloway, sternly. "But that statement is a clue to your whole character. You see life in terms of melodrama. You can imagine yourself performing an act that seems to you one of noble self-sacrifice—killing yourself to relieve your brother of responsibility for you! But you were never able to live decently, from day to day, in accordance with your promises. But—never mind that!

"At any rate, Miss Winston, it proved to be

impossible for your father and me, in spite of all we could do, to hold Martin in check. I became convinced that he was, literally, not accountable—that his mind had become affected, and that he should be under restraint. Indeed, we contemplated steps to that end. But, by the time we had reached that decision, it became out of the question to carry it out.

"The secret of Martin's identity was, by that time, known—not generally, by any means, but by certain persons whose interests were such that they would not have hesitated to make use of any weapon they held against your father. Had we had Martin committed to a sanitarium an effort would have been made to free him—and, in all likelihood, your father would have been accused of using his official position to dispose of a troublesome and unfortunate relative.

"That was the state of affairs at the
(Continued on page 21)



Sweeping the Atlantic free of the Arctic menace is the man's-size job of the Coast Guard Cutter Tampa, most of whose crew are Legionnaires. Sometimes, as at the left, plain sweeping won't do it—the critters just have to be blown apart with dynamite

RIGHT now when the buddies of the South and of the West are enjoying the sunshine and the buddies of other climes are looking forward to outdoor enjoyments, there is a little band of Legionnaires out on the wind-swept, gale-tossed stretches of the North Atlantic performing a wintry task. They are men manning the United States Coast Guard Cutter *Tampa*, of the International Ice Patrol, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, members of U. S. S. *Tampa*, Coast Guard, Post of New York City. The commander of the *Tampa*, William J. Wheeler, and eighty percent of the crew are members of the post.

U. S. S. *Tampa* Post is the only Legion post composed wholly of men identified with the United States Coast Guard, active and retired. Its members are scattered in all those parts of the world where the Coast Guard is on duty. The post was named in honor of a previous Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* which

Watchdogs of the Ocean

These Legionnaires Put in Their Time Running Down Icebergs to Make Steamship Lanes Safe

sank with its entire crew in Bristol Channel, September 26, 1918, after it had been torpedoed by a German submarine.

The new *Tampa*, commissioned in 1921, and her sister ship, the *Modoc*, compose the fleet for the International Ice Patrol. This patrol set out to watch for icebergs in March, and it will be on the job until the middle of July.

The history of the ice patrol dates from April, 1912, when the *Titanic* on her maiden voyage to the United States struck a low-lined berg off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and sank, carrying to death 1,200 passengers. As a result of

(Continued on page 18)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Only the Deserving

THE paid lawyer for a racial group cross-questioned witnesses before the House Committee on Immigration the other day. One man spoke in favor of sifting immigration. He would let only the worth while enter. Better yet, he would let no one at all come in until this country is ready to receive more immigration.

"Un-American," sneered the paid lawyer.

The witness cringed in his seat. It might have drawn him a fine—or it might not—but he should have responded to that insult with a challenge. He might have said:

"That is a lie."

It is not un-American to desire to protect the institutions of this country, to try to prevent the mongrelization of our blood, to try to keep the sweepings of Europe away from our ballot boxes. That is Americanism of the best sort. That is the sort of protection that every man worth while should demand for his home. The sort of a man who would throw down the bars and say, "Come on, white slavers, counterfeiters, gunmen, thugs, cheap laborers, exploiters of women," that is the sort of man who is un-American.

Because that sort of degenerate and criminal is not barred by today's laws. Not that all of today's immigration is of that sort. Not that a majority of it is of that sort. But, the laws being what they are, it is impossible to keep that sort of man out. It is that sort of man who usually has the money with which to come, unfortunately. He can read, he has a rat intelligence, and he can slip through the bars that have been put up against him, because our over-worked consuls have neither time nor money to inquire closely into his character and past associations.

If it is doubted that this sort of man does come in, look at the first page of any newspaper. Consider the names. Read the police reports. Look at the rogues' galleries in the police offices of any large city.

It is un-American to let that sort of man enter. And until means are devised to keep that sort of man out, the whole stream should be blocked. Not one immigrant should be permitted to pass our gates until some plan has been formed by which only the deserving may be permitted to enter.

A Little Look Ahead

THE United States of America is almost a century and a half old. An era of great anniversaries is at hand. One hundred and forty-nine years ago this week, for instance, Paul Revere spread the news of the British approach to every Middlesex village and farm, and the shot heard 'round the world was fired at Concord Bridge. Next year we may expect much in the way of jubilation and celebration in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and in 1926 Philadelphia will repeat on a magnified scale the centenary anniversary of 1876.

It is notable that each of the three fifty-year periods which make up our history as a nation holds the record of two wars. The era from 1776 to 1826 embraces the Revolution and the War of 1812, that from 1826 to 1876 the

Mexican War and the Civil War, and that from 1876 to 1926 the Spanish-American and World Wars. By a happy coincidence, however, the first two important anniversaries, those of 1826 and 1876, fell in times when recovery was reasonably complete and peace and prosperity established with seeming permanence, and there is no good reason to foresee any deviation from this rule in 1926. It is a pleasant thing to have clear skies and a full larder for our national birthdays.

Anniversaries are, of course, purely sentimental occasions. But sentiment is not without value, even though that value is not computable in dollars and cents. Our one hundred and fiftieth birthday cannot but fail to instill in us a new devotion to our still young country and a resolve that its future shall measure up to—nay, exceed—the glory of its past. It's a good time, incidentally, to start reading American history; then we can be all caught up by the time the bands start playing and the fireworks sizzling in 1925 and 1926.

Cheers for Royalty

THOSE of us who are skilled horsemen—and in this gasoline-propelled age that doesn't include so many of us—may have some slight excuse, if our manners are bad enough, for snickering at the repeated croppers of the Prince of Wales. But those of us who would have to cling desperately to the pommel if our steed hit into a fair canter and who would be forced to eat off the mantelpiece for a week after a morning's ride have no excuse to snicker at all. And all of us who have the slightest admiration for pluck and determination ought to be willing to hand it to the Prince for perseverance. Doubtless he will never be a competent bareback performer, but it is a safe bet that, when he gets to the throne, the bulldog will continue to be a mightier symbol of his rule and realm than the lion and the unicorn.

Scotch plaids are dominating feminine apparel in France this spring. Hoot, monsieur!

This is as good a year as any in which to look both ways before driving over a grade crossing.

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome are not to be rated with the Babe ambling home.

Some day an intelligent hen will take a tip from a gaudy crimson Easter egg and insist on a lipstick before laying.

The Swedish king is a bust on the tennis court, but probably his people will allow him to serve as long as he wants to.

Being in favor of restoring monarchy in Germany is one thing, but getting somebody who is willing to accept the job is another.

They're always putting some new twist in the football rules, but the constitution of baseball follows the pennant from season to season virtually unchanged. Likewise its traditions. Picture trying to transfer the seventh-inning stretch to the sixth or the eighth inning. Maybe it will be done some day—and our guess is that it will be the day on which the Rock of Gibraltar is towed out to sea and the Himalayas leveled for bungalow sites.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

IT is a cheerful thought that politics or grocer's bills cannot interfere with the advance of the seasons. Spring is here. It leads me to confess one of my weaknesses. Oh, no, I'm not going to write a Spring poem. I'll stick to prose as I allow weightier subjects to yield to "Batter up!"

The people in parts of our big country where it is baseball weather the year around do not know how lucky they are. At the same time they do not know what they miss. They don't know the thrill of having the frost out of the ground as an augury that the baseball season may now begin.

If there is any kind of a baseball game, at home or abroad, which I have not seen, please lead me to it. Wherever the American goes baseball goes with him. American missionaries have taught the heathen how to play it. The Filipinos may want political independence, but they do not want independence of baseball. If they keep on improving at baseball they may be offering that as a reason why they are fit to govern themselves.

In Japan, baseball is practically established as the national game. They say that many Japanese players would be up to major league standards if it were not that their short legs don't give them quite enough speed on the baselines and their short arms and bodies prevent them from reaching the high ones which taller men can get.

THE inoculation of our French allies by the A. E. F. during the war has not yet universally taken. They got a start in "chooing goom" and baseball but seem to have backslid. The processes of the game still leave them in some confusion of mind. Once I had to answer questions like these from a French observer:

"Is it when you peetch him that you eatch him, or when you eatch him that you peetch him? You say, Monsieur, that the peetcher, he peetch from the box, but where, Monsieur, is the box? Why do you call it a muff when the player he drop the ball, and all the time he have the muff on his hand? Does the peetcher choo the goom to make the speet-ball speet? Why you call the player who mees the ball bonehaid and not bone hand when it is with the hand he mees the ball?"

Some of our men who were back of the British lines in '18 took a British soldier into a scrub game. He was powerfully built and a crack player at cricket, his own national game. Cricket has its advantages. There is no danger of heart disease among the spectators. You can drop in at any time to see the show as you would at feature movies. Go tomorrow and you will still find the same game going on with nobody getting excited and everybody having a quiet British time.

Not until you try to initiate a foreigner into the rules of baseball do you realize how complicated they are. When the Briton came to bat he was told to hit the ball and then run the bases. That was simple enough. Yes, he understood perfectly, he said. In cricket after a hit, you run back and forth between the wickets, each time you touch a wicket counting for a run.

The Briton had a good batsman's eye. The pitcher sent him over a soft one, and he connected with it squarely on the nose with a terrific wallop which sent the ball over the heads of the infield, between the outfielders to roll into some bushes.

He ran to first and second and third and crossed the plate. Then just as the ball was being recovered he started on to first again. As the meaning of this dawned upon the Americans those who were choking with laughter tried to make their laughter sound as cheers urging their gallant ally on to win the Marathon. As the winded sprinter crossed the plate for the third time he stopped, saying:

"I've made twelve, and that's jolly well enough!"

There must have been many funny ball games over there

which are still fresh in the memory of Legionnaires. If all were recorded they would make a book.

ANOTHER baseball story of the days of the rebellion in the Philippines, comes to mind. I have never inquired too carefully about its authenticity lest some accurate minded company clerk should spoil it. Anyway, it is now old enough to count for true. His fellow officers may have given it an extra leg or two to make it run well just to have a good one at the Colonel's weakness with which I have such deep personal sympathy.

Start any subject of conversation with the Colonel and soon he would be away on his hobby—"You may talk about your youngsters, but I tell you that Pop Anson was the greatest ball player that ever lived. I remember when—"

He had inter-battalion and inter-company games and it was even rumored that he favored squads of nine so he might have inter-squad games. Aside from the miracle plays of Pop Anson the Colonel could be induced, without much coaxing, to dilate upon some of the star plays that he himself had made in his youth.

"Men," he announced one day at practice, "I'm going to play with you to-day, and understand, all rank passes. I'm not your Colonel but one of you—just a ball player."

After the Colonel had reached first safely the captain, coaching from the side lines, took him at his word.

"Now shake your bow legs! Step off that base. Look sharp. This is no sleeping porch. Go! Go, you old galoot—slide, darn you, slide!"

Red in the face, the skin scraped off his hip and the sweat streaming, the Colonel reached third.

"Now don't aet as if you were ringboned and spayined. Run, dern you, run"—and a stream of sturdy words followed him home after another hit was made.

"Men," he said, those sturdy words still ringing in his ears as he crossed the home plate, "I'm Colonel again."

"Yes sir," said the coach, saluting, and discipline was restored.

If the Colonel is still living I can imagine him saying: "You may talk of your Cobbs and Ruths, but Pop Anson—"

SO the game begins for the season of 1924 and the yells begin. For you can hear a baseball game farther than you can see it. It's a great lung as well as leg and arm exercise.

Incidentally, I should like to inform the fan on my left in a game last year between the New York Yankees and the Detroit Tigers that next time he may not have so gentle a soul on his left. When the Babe batted out a home run, which won the game, that fan, in his enthusiasm, struck the gentle soul such a blow on his back that it nearly drove his elm into the neck of the man in front of him. A philosopher, too, that gentle soul. All he said was:

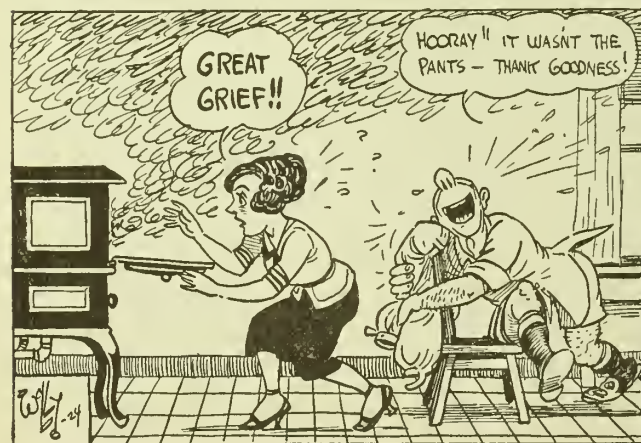
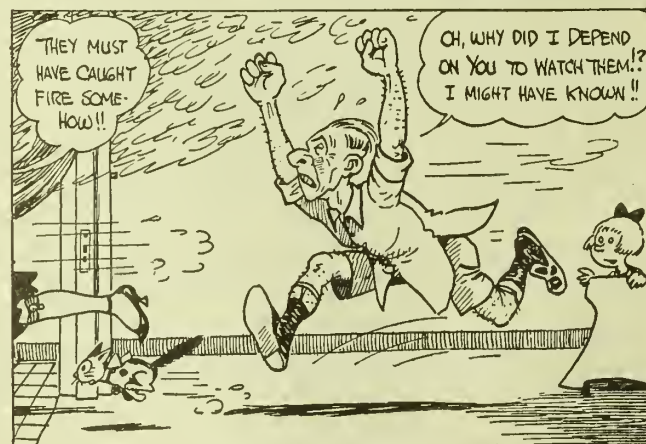
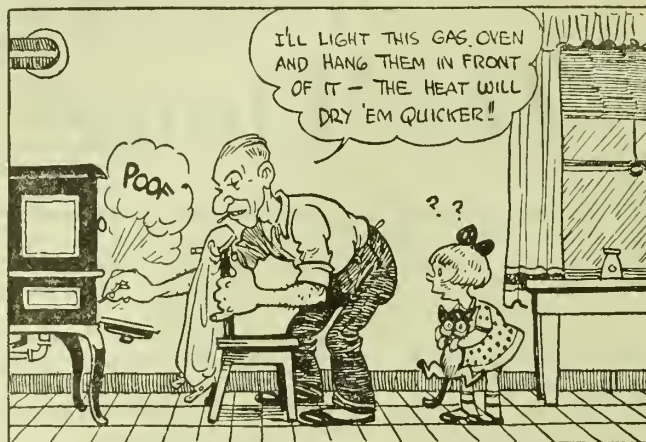
"How'd you, a perfect stranger, know I was from Detroit?" Thus baseball promotes friendly feeling, and self restraint.

The real inspiration of this article—the moral, the thing that counts—was the sight of some forlorn boys who had come many bloeks, standing, with their bats and masks, on the edge of a city park which was closed to their playing on the first warm Saturday afternoon this Spring. A policeman who was obeying orders in warning them off looked as if he had rather meet all the gunmen in America than those crestfallen faces.

Their deprivation hurt me the more as I remembered how I was brought up in the country with plenty of room for play. Here is a thought for Legion Posts and all citizens interested in good works: Make sure that the boys have ball grounds. Baseball develops team play, speed, eyesight, alertness of mind and body. These are necessary American qualities. It is the American game.

A Tragedy—Almost

By Wallgren



Salvaging Our War Experience

How the Officers Reserve Corps Functions—*You're in the Army Still, Buddy*—A Real Step in Preparedness—*Captain Doe of L Company and His Job*—Mobilization Plans for Next Fall Are Now Virtually Complete

WASHINGTON, April 7th. **P**ERSHING has done something Washington tried to do, but failed. The story can be told without damage to the reputation of the Father of his Country, otherwise I shouldn't be starting to write it, because I don't suppose the editor would admit it to the columns of the Weekly. The reputation of Washington is pretty much of a static affair—nothing can be added, nothing taken away. That is not so good, in a way, I think. One becomes too prone to regard him as a legendary figure instead of a human being who was liable to the successes and failures, the disappointments and triumphs that flesh is ever heir to.

But the story. It seems that after the Revolution, when Washington was promoted to the Presidency, he wanted to save the old military establishment which had won the Colonies their independence from being broken up and junked. He tried to salvage therefrom the important item of Experience and preserve it against a future need. The preservative he had in mind was a non-active reserve group of trained officers and non-commissioned officers. But Congress objected to the expense, slight as it would have been, saying there would be no more wars for us. President Washington had other troubles on his hands, and the thing went by the board.

A few years later there occurred what is known as the War of 1812. The British burned the capitol, and the people, as usual, paid a dear price in money and humiliation for short-sightedness.

Whisking through one hundred and some years of calendar brings us down to A.D. 1919. Enter Pershing. Another war was over and the troops were home. On the starvation diet that Congress was providing the Regular Army was shrinking so fast that pretty soon it would get lost in its overcoat. Pershing took up the job where Washington was obliged to leave off and after five years of patient effort the most valuable military asset of the war, to wit, Experience, has been salvaged and saved—preserved like a last summer's cucumber. The preservative is known as the Officers Reserve Corps.

Now we will leave Washington and General Pershing for a while and consider the town of Canadian, Texas, and Captain Doe. You will find Canadian on the Santa Fe out in the Panhandle, as Southwesterners call that corner of Texas which projects up between Oklahoma and New Mexico. The Panhandle is a grazing and farming region. Its towns are not large. Canadian is not large. There are an ice plant, a packing plant and some banks there. Twenty-five hundred people, I suppose, live in Canadian. One of these is Cap-

tain John Doe, O.R.C., commanding L Company, 358th Infantry, 90th Division of the Organized Reserves of the United States Army.

If we were in Canadian this evening we might have the pleasure of meeting not only Captain Doe but his second in command and his platoon leaders, Lieutenants A, B, C, D and E. Or if not this evening, maybe some other evening. Because Captain Doe and his company officers get together from time to time and discuss such questions as the Infantry in the advance and the Infantry reconnoitering a wooded position. Possibly one or two of the lieutenants live in Canadian also, but doubtless the others come from the farms or ranches about or from nearby towns. But every so often they get together with Captain Doe, have a social evening and go over a military problem.

I am sorry not to be able to give Captain Doe's right name. But it does not appear in the files of the War Department in Washington. In Amarillo I could find it, because in Amarillo are the headquarters of the third battalion of the 358th Infantry. Amarillo is the biggest and best known town in the Panhandle. The major has a list of his company commanders, naturally. There is I Company at Lubbock, K Company at Clarendon, L Company at Canadian and M Company at Canyon—a battalion scattered over quite a bit of territory, because in the Panhandle they spread the population out thin.

A Step in Decentralization

THE headquarters of the second battalion are at Waco, and the four companies are roundabout; first battalion headquarters are over at Fort Worth; regimental headquarters and the various specialist companies attached thereto are at Fort Worth also. So the 358th covers about half of the map of Texas. I don't know the name of the colonel at Fort Worth, either. It isn't recorded in Washington, but at Fort Sam Houston, near San Antonio, the headquarters of the 8th Corps area, in which the 90th division and all of its brigades, regiments and companies are located.

I have made a point of noting information which is not available at Washington to show the decentralized, localized nature of this new skeleton of a citizen military establishment which has been built up since the war. The whole scheme is permanently to identify designated units with designated localities; a town has a company and takes pride in making it a good company, a county or several counties—depending on population—a battalion and take pride in making it a good one. And so on. The thing is all new. But it is safely past the experimental stage, and successful.

The country is divided up into nine of these corps areas. These nine areas are subdivided into twenty-seven divisional areas. The divisional areas are split into regimental, battalion and company segments. Your town—or if you live in a big city like New York or Chicago, your part of town—is marked off on the War Department maps and assigned to some company area. Or if you live as far from any town as it is geographically possible to get, you are in a company area nevertheless, because not a square foot of the United States has been overlooked.

If you are of military age and fitness you are not in a company area alone—you are in a company. That is just as true as if your name were on the morning report. In time of war the selective draft will be reinvoked and each selected individual unit of the Organized Reserves (new name for National Army), instead of being taken off to some disorganized and probably uncompleted mobilization camp, simply will step around the corner or over to the next town and report at the headquarters of his company. This company will be organized, equipped and drilled right at home before the regiment assembles and then goes off to the divisional cantonment, which meantime will have been completed.

That will be the way of it in case we ever have to raise an army again. That is just the thing Captain Doe and his lieutenants are preparing for out in Canadian, Texas. They are interested in their work. Their ambition is to be able to get L Company on its feet quicker than any other company in the battalion. Canadian take any of Lubbock's dust? Never! Multiply Captain Doe by several thousand and you will begin to get the picture. Imagine a Captain Doe in your town or county, because there is one there—if not actually and in the flesh at this moment, the chances are he will be there shortly. It might not be a bad idea to get acquainted with this Captain Doe personally. Some day, he or his successor may become a person of importance in your life, or your son's.

Such is a rough sketch of the foremost step in military preparedness the country has taken in peacetime in a hundred years.

Note the importance to the scheme of Captain Doe, of the Officers Reserve Corps, the local company commander. He is the mainspring of the works—he and his associates of higher and lower grade. He is only an atom in a mighty big plan, but without him the plan isn't worth a cent. Hence the importance of locating and getting on the job the requisite number of Captain Does; and I use "Captain" in the larger sense, intending that it should include the Lieutenant Does, Major Does, Colonel

(Continued on page 20)

He Came Down, *but* Isn't Out



Samuel E. Wright, disabled ex-service man, believes there's always room at the top. Before the war he was a steeplejack; now, back on solid earth once more, he is paving the way to prosperity as a hairnet magnate

HE stood at a corner in the crowded East Side of New York City, holding in one hand the strings of half a hundred toy balloons that bobbed in the breeze—green, red, yellow and blue. In his other hand was a cane. To the throngs hurrying past he cried out:

"Buy a balloon! Buy a balloon!"

A woman shifted the bundles in her arms as she stopped before him.

"I don't need," she said, "any more balloons. I've already bought a lot of 'em from you for my children. Why don't you try something else—something women'll buy? Balloons ain't practical. They're a luxury."

At six o'clock that night the balloon salesman hobbled toward the single room that he and his wife occupied. She would soon be home from work. He'd ask her. Something practical.

The balloon man of 1922 had been working at a far different occupation in 1916. At that time Samuel E. Wright was a full partner in the firm of Wright & Wright, contracting

steeplejacks of Chicago. The firm's letter head read in part: "We paint, repair and wreck. We specialize in the painting of iron work of all descriptions and perform all kinds of hazardous work—spires, towers, stacks, cornices, fences, fire escapes, flagpoles, iron tanks, water tanks, skylights."

The Wrights didn't do any trick stuff. They didn't climb the sides of buildings in the downtown district to advertise a motion picture or a complexion cream. They did legitimate steeplejacking. When the halyards of a flagpole on top of a skyscraper broke, Sam or his brother would climb the pole, as they did for many firms in the Loop district of Chicago, and thread the rope through the shive. A few minutes later Old Glory would be flapping once more in the breeze. When the cross or ornament atop a church grew dim, the Wrights went up and made it golden again. If a brass rooster refused to drill as a weather vane the Wright boys climbed up and soon had him snapping into it.

For their trouble the Wrights received heavy wages. For threading a rope through the pulley of a flagpole on a high building they got fifty dollars for fifteen minutes' work. After paying office rent and several assistants, each brother cleared six thousand dollars a year.

Then came the war. Sam, past the draft age, enlisted in Company E, Railroad Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps. He wanted excitement. He got considerable in September, 1918, when, as a chauffeur first class on detached duty with a truck train outfit, he hauled ammunition up to the Allied forces near Albert in the drive on the Hindenburg Line.

That September Sam was severely gassed. It was his second inhalation. Other complications set in and Sam began a series of stays in hospitals that down to the present total eight and fourteen trips to the operating table.

During his tour of hospitals for treatment at the hands of specialists Sam arrived with his wife in New York City. Financially he was in a bad way. His claim for disability compensation had been disallowed. He was told that his illness was not received in line of duty.

He went to The American Legion for help. Harold McCullough, liaison representative for the Legion at the Veterans Bureau district office in New York, took up his case. He helped Sam obtain affidavits from former commanding officers and surgeons who had treated him. He conferred with Sam about taking up vocational training, for Sam, crippled and walking with a cane, could not go back to his old job of steeplejacking.

While waiting to hear from the Government after Mr. McCullough got busy, Sam started selling balloons on the street corners near his furnished room. His wife went to work.

Then came the momentous afternoon in 1922 when he heard two women agree that in spite of bobbed heads the stores did a land office business in hair nets. A talk with his wife made Sam decide that perhaps he could get a share of it. So he laid in a supply of four dozen, in varying shades, and to get the men customers, a dozen jazz bow ties. Nets and ties sold out in a day. When a second supply went just as fast he added strings of beads. In six months he had run his stock up from an original investment of \$3.10 to \$200. He moved from a furnished room to a two-room apartment.

Meanwhile the Legion, through McCullough, won a lump sum of back compensation for the former steeplejack. Sam and his wife voted two to nothing to keep right on in the hairnet and novelty business.

They rented a store in the Bronx, where Sam put in a large stock of nets and beads and hosiery. He no longer buys net from the jobbers but deals direct with Chinese importers and buys by the bale—he has his own system of testing by the aid of a magnifying glass and an electric light. He has a hundred boys and four women selling for him throughout the United States.

New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—*Easily!*

Produces same results as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there. Moreover, it makes you LOOK slender AT ONCE

SCIENCE has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving. Besides, this remarkable new method has the additional advantage of making you *look slender at once*—while it actually takes off inch after inch quickly and permanently.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all, and achieves the same results in but a small fraction of the time it used to take. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt uses the same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it, every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you

appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear completely, as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

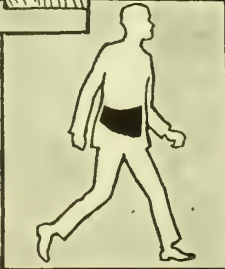
Why permit a protruding abdomen to mar your appearance, interfere with all your activities, and actually seriously impair your health and shorten your life, when it is now so wonderfully easy to correct this condition quickly and permanently?

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction **guaranteed** or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you can also get in on a Special Reduced Price Offer being made for a limited time. Mail coupon today to



SITTING
As shown here, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs — merely breathing as you SIT — causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second, reducing, even as you sit at your desk.



WALKING—If you totaled the number of steps you take every day—at the office, on the street or in your home, the result would surprise you. Walking with the Weil Belt on creates a longitudinal massage that is very effective in reducing. You will be surprised to see how rapidly the excess flesh goes away.



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Our Oldest Inhabitants

(Continued from page 6)

designed to hold nothing larger than foxes or woodchucks, and from the not-too-carefully-watched gardens and chicken runs of their prosperous valley neighbors of the summer time. The constabulary of New Jersey and New York profess to believe that there are no more persistent makers of corn liquor in the world. Their other source of income, it seems, is a proficiency in the manufacture of willow baskets of a peculiarly durable quality. They are sullen in the presence of white visitors and seem to find the sound of English unintelligible, or at least unpleasant. They are Indians, and they are zealously determined to remain Indians.

Down in New Mexico the Indians discuss their wrongs about their council fires—dignified and solemn affairs which white men are rarely permitted to attend. South of the Rio Grande the Indians during recent years were stirred to the revolt that unseated Porfirio Diaz as president of Mexico, if we may believe students of the Mexican Revolution, because the Indian lands had been taken by the powerful hacendados. In the north, during the last century, the Indians fought and fought to protect their land and were able to win some concessions. But the Indians of the pueblos realize that fighting now would be but a form of suicide; that it would result in the slaughter of themselves, and, they believe, of their women and children. Indians have no written history, but they have long memories.

In the half-light of a smoldering fire in a crowded chamber of an adobe-mortar pueblo house, a squatting figure rises and stands with uplifted hand, as he prepares to address his fellows, delegates from all of the New Mexico pueblos. A blood-red fabric band encircles his head above his brow and ears, causing his long black hair to stand out from his shoulders. There is a silver ornament clasped about the lean, brown arm with which he is gesticulating. A robe of green and purple has slipped from his shoulders to the stone flags of the floor. In an unmerciful daylight it might prove to be merely an Indian blanket, but in this chamber it seems a symbol of authority, a thing of royal connotations.

His eyes, as hard as buttons, flash back at the fire, and his delicate nostrils quiver as he speaks. When he has finished, others indorse his remarks, and finally a white man, a lawyer sent by the American Indian Defense Association, of which Irving Bacheller, the writer, is president, is admitted to their gathering so that he may translate their beliefs and hopes into a prayer to be laid before the American Congress.

Reduced to a sentence, what they desire is the restoration of their lost lands, or, where this land is the site of white men's towns, the equivalent of the farming value of those town sites, so that they may support themselves and their families.

If they were Armenians it is quite possible that their predicament would be regarded as an atrocity, but as they



Members of Fred Mitchell Post of Eastport, Maine, the most eastern post in the United States, with a group of Penobscot Indians on the steps of the chapel at Pleasant Point after they had laid to rest the bodies of two Indian buddies killed in France

are Indians it is difficult to arouse even mild interest in their situation. Yet their case is but a repetition of what has been happening since the first white adventurers began to think of this continent as a place to build homes and a nation, and not merely as a fabulous place of raw gold and precious stones.

The majority of the Indians and Indian reservations are west of the Mississippi, although there is still a Cherokee reservation in western North Carolina and a reservation for the Seminoles in Florida, while in New York there live more than five thousand Iroquois, including Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras.

The Iroquois alone offer excellent proof that the Indian is not disappearing. About the middle of the seventeenth century they are supposed to have reached their greatest strength, numbering then about 16,000. They dwindled after that because of their constant warfare, and in 1774 they were estimated to number from 10,000 to 12,000. But today, counting those in Canada, they are said to number in excess of 16,000. After the coming of the Dutch to this continent the Iroquois, equipped with guns, made themselves the acknowledged Indian lords of the region extending from the Ottawa River to the Tennessee, and from the Kennebec to the Illinois and Lake Michigan.

The best thing the Indians did was fight. Knighthood meant no more to the men of Richard the Lion Hearted's court than the status of warrior did to an Indian. True, practically all male Indians were warriors, but the warfare prowess of an Indian fixed his social standing and determined most of the important things of his life. Until recently we, as a nation, have used

every possible means to prevent the red man from exercising his best talent. He was a hunter and we exterminated the game upon which he depended for his existence. Instead of a warrior and a huntsman, migrating when the spirit moved him, we have sought to remold him nearer to our own conception of a substantial citizen. Who would say that we have succeeded?

A Greek immigrant landing in the United States is attracted as if by some natural law to the restaurant or shoe-shining establishment of one of his countrymen; in an earlier generation newly-arrived Irishmen found themselves in channels that led either to the police force or the recruiting sergeant; Russian Jews were fed into the clothing industry as if into a mangle, but somehow there had never been devised a scheme for incorporating Indians into the industrial life of the United States—until the development of the moving picture.

Nowadays there is steady employment for numerous red men, women and children wherever pictures are made, and if the aborigines are unable to clothe themselves picturesquely enough for the director's purpose the property man can be counted on to fix them up.

Fenimore Cooper is popularly supposed to have written the fictionized history of the last of the Mohicans, but the truth is there is a small tribe of Mohegans still living up in Connecticut and taking pride in the possession of a few automobiles, telephones and other appurtenances of village life.

Do you remember the illness that afflicted President Wilson in the midst of his speaking tour made in favor of the League of Nations? One day soon after he had been brought back to

Washington and the White House an Indian in beaded buckskin clothes with a chieftain's headdress of eagle feathers walked up to the entrance of the executive offices and presented an attendant there with a small package "for the Great White Father." There were probably not more than fifteen reporters within hearing.

Next day, newspapers all over the country carried the story of how Chief Lemuel Fielding, "last of the Mohicans," had left at the White House a package of Indian boneset tea. That very day moving picture houses began showing "The Last of the Mohicans," in which Chief Lemuel's tribe had been actors.

If they are valuable aids to the moving picture companies, the Wild West shows and the circuses, though, Indians are not yet showing signs of becoming satisfactory factory hands.

In the World War ten thousand Indians of the United States had a chance to demonstrate that for them, at least, there is a magical developer of the spirit in the business of fighting. There were four thousand more of them in the Canadian forces. They were mingled almost entirely with white organizations, and their officers commended them for intelligence, courage, discipline and efficiency.

Courage? Let us see what Marshal Pétain says of one on whom he conferred the Croix de Guerre:

"Under a violent barrage, dashed to the attack of an enemy position, covering about 210 yards through barbed wire entanglements. He rushed on machine-gun nests, capturing 171 prisoners. He stormed a strongly-held position containing more than fifty machine guns and a number of trench mortars, turned the captured guns on the enemy, and held the position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and gas shells. Crossed No Man's Land many times to get information concerning the enemy, and to assist his wounded comrades."

The hero of this citation was a full blooded Choctaw, Private Joseph Oklahombi, of Company D, 141st Infantry, whose home is in Oklahoma. The superintendent of a Western reservation, re-



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For Men, Women and Children

Legion Radio

BRIEF announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting.

"Willie, Tommy, Annie and Susie" have gone to work for The American Legion. The string of names bear as initials the letters "WTAS" and they are the call letters for the official American Legion Radio Broadcasting Station four miles of Elgin, Ill., at Villa Olivia. The station was dedicated to Legion purposes by National Commander John R. Quinn on Sunday afternoon, March 30th, and it is estimated that hundreds of thousands heard him discuss the broad, general subject of "The Aims and Purposes of The American Legion."

The Legion "nights on air" will come every Tuesday evening, generally at 8 o'clock. An "afternoon on air" will be held every Sunday. The Legion broadcasting, as a rule, will be done from Chicago, over a leased wire to the Elgin station. Station WTAS has a wave-length of 286 metres. Important Legion announcements will be made, however, at such times as may be necessary. Bulletins to departments and posts, the national bi-weekly letter to national and department officers and other important messages will be sent out as soon as they are prepared.

An Adjutant's Paradise

With half the time and half the work, your Post officers can achieve twice as much by using Post Printing's Famous Series

SEND FOR SAMPLES



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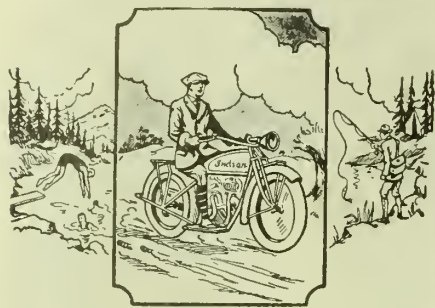


BEFORE USING

- Post Pep Postals.** Clever notices on government post cards mean full meetings.
- "For God and Country."** A forceful leaflet which brings in new members.
- Comic Cuts.** 66 cuts to liven up programs and publications.
- Colored Stickers.** 6 kinds. Put punch in every bulletin.

POST PRINTING SERVICE

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Answer the Call of the Wild

Venture out! Know the thrills of the great outdoors—where the free, crisp air is charged with romance and action—where the vast expanse of open country casts a bewitching spell over you. Let the pine scented forest enfold you in its mystic cloak of blissful enchantment and bring you forth happy, refreshed, inspired!

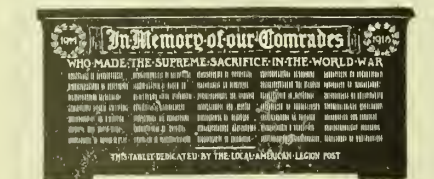
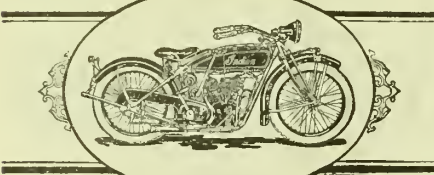
Life Is Wonderful With the New Indian Scout

The new Indian Scout will bring you more fun and greater health than you've ever enjoyed before. Takes you anywhere—any time—quickly, cheaply, comfortably. Light, powerful and perfectly balanced. Strong enough for a motor cop—safe enough for even a girl. Goes 60 miles to a gallon. Tires good for 10,000 to 15,000 miles! One hundred pounds lighter than average motorcycles. The favorite among motor police and red-blooded fellows everywhere!

Ask your local Indian dealer about the remarkable new Indian Scout—or write us for free descriptive literature and name of our nearest Indian dealer.

Indian Motorcycle Co.

Dept. L-4, Springfield, Mass.



MEMORIAL TABLETS IN BRONZE
MEMORIAL FLAG POLES—GATEWAYS—FORGED IRON WORK.
FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

FLOUR CITY ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.
27th Ave. & 27th St., South, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



porting on the amazing change the war-rrior estate had worked in the character of the Indians under his care, said:

"One Cheyenne, typical, no-account reservation Indian with long hair, went to France, was wounded, gassed and shell-shocked. Was returned, honorably discharged. He reported to the agency office square-shouldered, level-eyed, courteous, self-reliant, and talked intelligently. A wonderful transformation, and caused by contact with the outside world."

Naturally, not all of them survived to show whether there was any permanent value in this medicine, for there were many like Joe Young Hawk, son of Young Hawk, one of the most famous Indian Scouts of General Custer, who lost a four-year battle for life after he had been wounded and gassed while serving France. He died at Bismarck, North Dakota. He underwent three operations in his battle for life, each time losing part of his right leg. "The wounds which contributed to Young Hawk's death," says a newspaper account, "were suffered on the Soissons front when he was surrounded by five Germans and captured while on patrol duty. Awaiting a favorable moment, Young Hawk turned on his captors, slew three with his hands, captured the other two, and although himself shot through both legs in the fight marched them into camp."

That was his obituary, printed in Mandan, South Dakota, where he lived. It would have been read with keen interest by Thomas Jefferson, who, in one of his messages to Congress, forecast the policy of the United States

toward the Indians: "In truth, the ultimate point of rest and happiness for them is to let our settlements and theirs meet and blend together, to intermix and become one people. Incorporating themselves with us as citizens of the United States is what the natural progress of things will bring on; it is better to promote than retard it. It is better for them to be identified with us and preserved in the occupation of their lands than to be exposed to the dangers of being a separate people."

Two-thirds of the Indians of the United States are now citizens; some of them are extraordinarily fine citizens. Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, a Cherokee; Senator Charles Curtis, a Kaw, of Topeka, Kansas, and others of equal distinction have been, for the most part, mixed bloods, but the full blood, given that incentive to strive which formerly existed in his ambition to be a great warrior, ought to be able to play the white man's game according to the white man's rules and win. About 49,000 of them have been cajoled into trying to become farmers. A tribe or two can always find employment on the movie lots at Hollywood. But most of them, it seems, will have to be several generations farther away from their savage ancestors before they can get any thrill out of a life devoted to the acquisition of a flivver, a patch of garden, a phonograph and other appurtenances of civilization—civilization which keeps trying to wipe out their ancient tribal customs, quite as though it were trying to sandpaper a red man into a white man.

Watchdogs of the Ocean

(Continued from page 9)

this disaster, an international conference was held in London and fourteen nations agreed to establish a patrol of the area in the North Atlantic endangered by icebergs. The United States assumed this patrol duty, each nation agreeing to bear its share of the cost in proportion to its shipping tonnage.

Since 1913, with the exception of the two war years, 1917 and 1918, this work has been carried on. Because of its effectiveness no life has been lost through ship collisions with icebergs in the last ten years. The cutter *Seneca*, which was replaced by the *Tampa* in 1922, served on every patrol prior to that year. Many veterans of the Coast Guard served on her during the war when she was convoying merchantmen between Gibraltar and England. She is now used each year by U. S. S. *Tampa* Post for a cruise to Connecticut, where a reunion is held.

The ice region which the *Tampa* is now patrolling covers approximately 120,000 square miles and is one of the dreariest and stormiest regions in the North Atlantic. The work of the crew is to locate the hundreds of icebergs which are carried south by the Arctic current to menace ships traveling over the Atlantic steamship lines. Record of the location of the bergs, by latitude and longitude, is gathered into one complete informative message and broadcast twice daily by radio to all approaching vessels.

The captains of vessels traveling through the ice zone, in turn, send to the *Tampa* every four hours reports of

their position, course, speed and other data. The positions of ships are carefully plotted on a large chart on board the *Tampa* and ships in positions of danger are immediately warned. The records of the Ice Patrol for 1923 show that the *Tampa* received and transmitted a total of 144,000 words, all on the subject of ice, including 4,000 position reports from steamers, special routing instructions to 100 steamships in response to requests, and warnings to 23 vessels of immediate danger.

The patrol life of the men aboard the *Tampa* is full of thrills and adventure and fun. On its patrol last year one unusually large berg was almost destroyed by mines which the crew carried over to the berg in small boats.

It may sound unbelievable, but occasionally the Legion crew enjoys a swim far out in the Atlantic. For after drifting south of the Grand Banks the icebergs meet the boundary line between the Arctic current and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. So closely do they hold to this boundary that last year the *Tampa* often steamed a mile to the southward of an iceberg where the crew would swim in water of nearly seventy degrees, looking at icebergs.

There is on board the *Tampa* a bronze tablet presented by U. S. S. *Tampa*, C. G., Post in memory of the crew of the first and ill-fated *Tampa*. The post makes a special effort to supply the crew with magazines and books during its patrol, and copies of the Weekly belonging to the Legion men in the crew are forwarded to them through Halifax, the base port of the cutter.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion Members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

ROY C. ANDERSON, Lonnie Boyd Post, Camp Kearney, Cal. D. Mar. 9 at U. S. Vet. Hosp. No. 64. Home address, Oakland, Cal. Sgt. Hq. Co., 46th F. A.

JESSE B. HARRIS, North Platte (Nebr.) Post. D. Mar 9 at Albuquerque, N. M., aged 33. Burial at Lexington, Neb. Served with 355th Inf., 89th Div.

JOHN H. BALDWIN, Tampico (Mexico) Post. Lost life Mar. 13 when liner *Santiago* of which he was captain foundered in hurricane off Cape Hatteras. Served as Lieut. Commander, U. S. N. R. F., commanding U. S. S. *Guantanamo* during World War

ULMER JACKSON CLARK, Asalea (N. C.) Post. D. Mar. 9 at Fitzsimmons General Hosp., Denver, Colo. Home address, Meridian, Miss. Served as comdg. officer, 643d Aero Squadron.

HERMAN F. LADELLA, Joseph B. Westnedge Post, Kalamazoo, Mich. D. Mar. 12 at Roosevelt American Legion Hosp., Battle Creek, Mich.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

WILDCATS (81ST Div.).—Bully beef banquet and reunion Apr. 26 at Chez Lucien, 49 E. 10th st., New York City. Address Clarence Clark, Jr., 360 Gates av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NAVAL SECTION BASE, CAPE MAY, N. J.—Third annual reunion of former members at Boothby's Cafe, 116 S. 13th st., Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 28. Address Hon. Frederic D. Garman, 1953 N. 6th st., Philadelphia.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 5.—Reunion at Hotel McAlpin, New York City, May 3. Address Perry E. Benjamin, Noroton Heights, Conn.

113TH F. S. BN.—Reunion at Ft. Wayne, Ind., April 26. Address V. J. Roy, 1118 Lake ave., Ft. Wayne.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

These Men Can Be of Service To Distressed Buddies

QUERIES aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The Committee wants to hear from the following:

Surgeon who operated on EDGAR MOSER in Gen. Hosp. No. 26, Ward 9, Ft. Des Moines, Ia., in June, 1919.

FIRST LT. LESTER, FIRST LT. HECK, SGT. ELLIOT and PVTS. WILLIAM DROKE, FRANK BEEMAN, FRANK CANNON of Co. C, 105th F. S. Bn., in connection with claim of PVT. CHARLES B. THOMPSON.

HARRY C. ADAM, ex-pvt., Co. D, 26th Engrs. Left home fall of 1918 after S. C. D. from service. Tatoo "23rd Infantry" on left arm. Government compensation is awaiting this man.

Book Service

U. S. OFFICIAL PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR. Both the Army and Navy editions, previously published, are combined in this volume. A carefully selected collection of more than two thousand official Signal Corps photographs giving a comprehensive pictorial history of all branches of the service and of all American activities of the World War. Farewell parades, troops in training, transports, familiar scenes in France and occupied Germany, actual battle scenes, battleships, destroyers, are all represented. In addition there are concise reports of the actions at Cantigny, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne and other important operations. Non-combat arms covered. Brief statistical records of all combat divisions and complete final report of General Pershing. 330 pages, 9 x 11 inches. Orders will be accepted only until April 30th. Price: \$12.15.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.



Such popularity must be deserved

Popularity isn't luck—there is no royal road to the spotlight. Popularity, today, means "delivering the goods!"

Chesterfield's swift rise was no accident. Smokers wanted a better cigarette—Chesterfield made good! Its taste has won the approval of smokers the country over.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

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They Satisfy—millions!

Come Along and Join Our Club, Bud----

"It is more kinds of a club than any in existence. It is social, patriotic, joyous and serious. Rich and poor, good dressers and bad dressers, fair and dark, short and tall, lean and fat, Republicans and Democrats and men of all creeds and occupations, may join, if they did honorable service during the war."

This space for Post name and address



Application for Membership

in
The American Legion



The undersigned hereby makes application for membership

in the.....Post of The American Legion.

Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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FORHAN CO.
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Montreal



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

Salvaging Our War Experience

(Continued from page 13)

Does and the rest. Five years ago the War Department started the organization of the Officers Reserve Corps for that very purpose.

The Corps had a hard time getting started. About three years ago I remember asking a fellow if he belonged and he said no.

"This Officers Reserve Corps is the bunk," he said. "It consists of a list of names and addresses of people who were officers in the war. There are also people who have gone out after high commissions because they think it helps them in a business or social way to be called general or colonel. There is no organization to the thing. It's a paper joke."

I met the same man here in Washington the other day. I asked him if he held to his old opinion.

"No," he said. "My opinion has changed because the Corps has changed. I took out a commission last summer."

Yet there is some truth to what he said three years ago. The Corps was not organized. It was top-heavy with rank. But about the best that could be done had been done at that. The thing hadn't hatched yet. But today the Corps is well organized and promotions in rank come as rewards for demonstrated merit. No former officer can be commissioned in a grade higher than the one he held during the war, and promotions must be two years apart. Every officer gets an assignment to an organization or staff station, and provision is made for training and study, including attendance at field camps and maneuvers. It took time to bring this about, but it has put new life into the Reserve Corps. The membership is larger now than ever before, and its growth in November exceeded that of any other month in nearly four years. The total strength is about 87,000, and 15,000 of these came in during 1923.

This would be enough officers to man completely the twenty-seven combat divisions of the Organized Reserve and provide for all the miscellaneous requirements of corps, armies and other detached soldiery which would be a part of the Reserve. These twenty-seven divisions are not completely officered at present, however, because many reserve officers have asked for assignments to Regular or National Guard divisions or to staff Corps. A reserve officer has a great deal of latitude in choosing his assignment.

The desired strength of the Officers Reserve Corps is now placed at 165,000, though this figure may be cut down somewhat. This contemplates a mobilization of 4,000,000 men. This would require 200,000 officers. This was the number of Army officers in the World War, 165,000 of whom were reserve officers and 35,000 Regular officers. The First Division had the largest proportion of Regular officers of any combat division—3.2 percent. The next war, like the last one, will be officered largely by reservists, especially in the lower grades. But unlike the last war, these officers are being selected before and not after the fighting starts.

In a general way this is how it is planned to use the 165,000 reserve offi-

cers which the Army hopes to get in advance: 6,000 to nine Regular divisions; 20,000 to eighteen National Guard Divisions; 34,000 to twenty-seven Organized Reserve divisions; 45,000 medical corps officers for general service; 60,000 officers for duty in the zone of communications and the zone of the interior. Those who come into the Reserve Corps now have a varied list of assignments to choose from because roughly speaking half of the places in the foregoing tabulation are vacant.

Recruits for the Reserve Corps come from three sources principally—the Reserve Officers Training Corps at schools and colleges, the Citizens Military Training Camps which are held every summer, and from the ranks of veterans of the World War. The latter are in the majority. A former officer can be commissioned without examination, except physical, until November 11, 1924—the time limit recently having been extended a year. A great many of the new reservists, however, are former enlisted men, who are required to take examinations which, ordinarily, do not prove difficult for an ex-soldier. I write this from the Legion department presided over by Commander Paul J. McGahan, who was a sergeant during the war. Mr. McGahan was commissioned in the Reserve Corps some years ago and is a captain now.

To revert to Captain Doe of Canadian, Texas. We left him at a little get-together with his company officers. That is a part of the training program, and it also has its social side. Company officers are supposed to gather every once in a while and talk company matters over. Once a year all the officers of a regiment are supposed to assemble and if possible spend two or three days discussing the problems of mobilization and work in the field. These meetings were inaugurated last summer by some of the better organized regiments. The plan is that every three years the officers of each of the twenty-seven reserve divisions will meet and go into camp. Nothing so ambitious as this has been done yet, but if the Reserve Corps keeps on getting forward as fast as it has in the past, it will come very soon—providing Congress loosens up a little on appropriations.

Other means of instruction will be found by assigning reserve officers on request to duty with Regular units. Correspondence training courses have been carried on with success for two years. Seventeen thousand officers absorbed instruction by this means during the year past. Seven thousand officers attended the Citizens' training camps last summer and the army appropriation bill which is now before Congress makes provision for training 12,000 reservists next summer. The reserve officers and citizens generally who are interested in preparedness are endeavoring to get the appropriation increased so as to permit 26,000 officers to go to the camps. This training is voluntary but in the past a great many more have volunteered than could be accommodated at the summer camps on account of the lack of funds.

Reserve officers from time to time

Mild Mellow Drama

SEVEN billion cigars are smoked annually in the U. S. It is estimated cigar smokers average 1,000 cigars per year—about 45 pounds of tobacco.

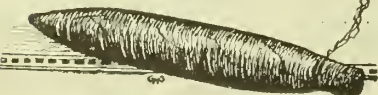
The latest figures available, (1922) show that Porto Rico shipped to the United States 25,883,000 pounds of tobacco, enough to make 1,110,000,000 full cigars.

Most of this, however, was blended with other tobacco as filler in American cigars, so that actually upwards of 2,000,000,000 cigars contained Porto Rican tobacco—about 28 per cent. of the total production.

Porto Rican tobacco is mild; smokers like it.

Let us mail you "The Story of a Porto Rican Cigar." It's interesting.

TOBACCO GUARANTEE AGENCY
(A Government of Porto Rico Bureau)
136 Water Street, N. Y.
J. F. Vazquez, Agent



are called, with their consent, to active duty with the Army. Several such officers are on duty in Washington more or less permanently. The affairs of the Reserve Corps are handled by the Reserve Section of the General Staff, of which a Reserve officer, Lieut.-Col. Fred B. Ryons of Lincoln, Nebraska, is in charge. His assistant is Major Walter O. Boswell of the Regular service. This association of Regulars and reservists makes for a better mutual understanding. The War Department is not the sacrosanct and isolated institution that it used to be. All reserve officers receive a cordial invitation to drop in on the officers of the department when in town and talk things over. Many avail themselves of it and the effect is good.

The O.R.C. has been developed under the personal supervision of General Pershing who a few days ago returned home from Paris, whither he went last winter to find a quiet place to write his memoirs. When the General gets going he is expected to give personal attention to some of the affairs of the reserve corps because the corps is one of his pets. He also will take charge of the plans for a general test mobilization of Regular, National Guard and Organized Reserve forces to be held next fall.

M. J.

With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 8)

time when your father was arranging his affairs to go to New York and meet you and bring you home. The political situation was highly involved. The whole railway rate question was up for settlement—the interests of this state were deeply involved. Your father was in an extraordinarily difficult position. It seemed to him that the only course to be pursued in the railway matter was one that led straight down the middle of the road—and he knew that, by following it, he would alienate both sides, radicals and conservatives.

"Now I am coming to things of which I have only the vaguest knowledge and understanding. I know that, for some days before your father went east, at the time that the session of the legislature was nearing its end, he saw a good deal of Hornaday, of the Midland, and one or two other railway men. I know that he was worried and troubled by their attitude—I know that they practically threatened to beat him for the Senate—and they could probably have made that threat good—if they didn't get their way.

"I know that, just before he went east, he seemed to be greatly relieved in his mind; he was more like his old self than he had been for weeks. He didn't confide in me—except to tell me that everything was coming out all right, and that Hornaday was not as clever as he thought he was. And he did say—I can remember his exact words: 'Don't worry if you hear any cock and bull story about my being in trouble. It'll be the other fellows that'll be in trouble.'

"But, just before he went east, Martin disappeared—and that worried us both a good deal. I undertook to try to find him—I didn't succeed.

"Mr. Patterson, as you all know, was on the train you and your father took

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To wear The Florsheim Shoe is to enjoy the refined style and faithful service that have made so many men Florsheim friends for good.

Most Styles—Ten Dollars
The Parkway—M-140
One of Two Hundred Styles.
Booklet of Styles on Request.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers • CHICAGO



Come on, Buddy! "Shoot two bits"

Shoot two bits to help bring a Buddy of yours into your American Legion post. As a live and loyal Legionnaire, please do it.

WHAT WE DO

You send us your quarter, *we do the rest*. We go after the man whose name you send. We send him an invitation from the National Commander to join your Post. We mail material that will sell the Legion to him. We send him a guest card inviting him to attend your next meeting. We write to your Post officials. We cooperate with them in getting the service man whose name you send us to join. In other words, your quarter sent to National Headquarters to be used in this manner discharges your obligation to your Post and to the Legion. Send in the quarter—we do the work.

Comrade Frank Samuel
Membership Division
National Headquarters
The American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana



Wrap up a quarter in the blank, inclose in an envelope and mail at once.

Dear Frank:

I am an active and loyal Legionnaire. Here are two bits. You do the work. Get a new member with this quarter!

Here is the prospect.....

Address

City..... State.....

My name is.....

My mailing address.....

I belong to Post No.....at.....

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a gentleman's game



BILLIARDS is a character builder.


It develops self-control, patience and perseverance. It inspires quick-thinking and improves the judgment.

The name "Brunswick" on the equipment used in your club billiard room means that the best facilities obtainable have been provided for your enjoyment. Take advantage of these facilities. Play on your club's tables frequently.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

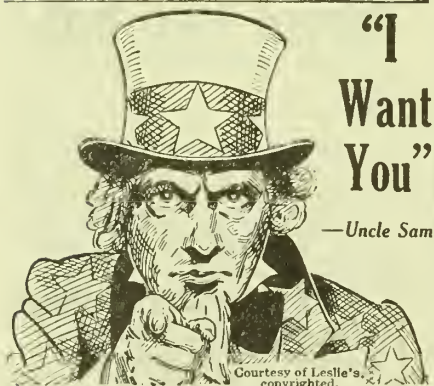
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32 page book—how to keep your dog well—how to care for him when sick. Result of 36 years' experience with every known dog disease. Mailed FREE. Write today. Dept. 3604, H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S. 129 West 24th St. New York



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Become Railway Mail Clerks

\$1600 to \$2300 Year

Railway Mail Clerk Examinations Everywhere May 3, 1924

Steady Work No Layoffs
Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men
get special
preference.

Mail coupon
today—
SURE.

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Dept. K186
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge,
(1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk
Examination questions; (2) List of
Government jobs now obtainable; (3)
Information regarding preference to
ex-service men.

Name.....

Address

from Chicago. He tried, I believe, to warn the Governor that some sort of a conspiracy against him was in the wind. And when Hornaday's people threw your father from the observation platform into a snowdrift, Mr. Patterson, just too late to interfere, saw it and was thrown after him. Your father told him to get in touch with you and with me—and was, no doubt, about to say more, when the people who had been expecting him came, and Mr. Patterson had to make his escape.

"He did get in touch with you; he came to this house—and found a man impersonating Governor Winston with such skill that his own servants were deceived. Mr. Patterson, however, detected the fraud, very cleverly found me, and told me what was going on. I realized at once that the impostor must be Martin Winston—I came here, verified my suspicion, knocked him out and, with Mr. Winston's help, carried him off in my car to my country place. He escaped from there—just how I don't know—but he finally came to me. And he has something to tell now."

"I'm not going to do any whining," said Martin Winston. "What Galloway's told you is just about right. There are times when I'm like this—when I can reason, when I know the difference between right and wrong, when I'm as sane as any of you. And there are other times when I don't believe I'm sane at all—and I do the things that have ruined me and everyone who has trusted me.

"Galloway didn't happen to say so—but I drink. Prison ought to have cured me, but it didn't. I had the same craving for drink the day I came out that I had when I went in. And, just before I disappeared, as Galloway tells it, he and John C. had held me down so I couldn't get any whiskey—and I was crazy—stark crazy. And I happened to meet Hornaday—I'd known him, years ago. He recognized me—I'd been wearing a beard, but I'd just shaved it, and I looked more like John C. than ever.

"He took me to his car and gave me a drink—I don't think he meant any particular harm—he'd have given anybody a drink. But that drink finished me—and I cut loose and told him most of the story. After that he kept me right with him—I never left the car. He let me have plenty to drink, and it sort of built me up, so that I got my self-respect back, and felt as if I could do anything.

"When he sprung the idea of my pretending to be John C. for a couple of days I told him to go to hell, first. But he kept working on me—he was going to send me abroad and give me an allowance for life. And he showed me a note from John C., saying what he planned was all right, and to go ahead—and I believed that meant the plan he had for me! So—I said I would, and I did.

"I was to come here, and to act so that everyone would believe I was John C. He coached me up—and I'd been in the house a good deal, and, with some make-up, I certainly looked enough like John C. to fool almost anyone. He worried a little about my voice—"

"That was how I spotted you," said Bill. "Everything else was perfect."

Martin nodded. "They say there's always something," he said, dully. "God knows there always has been whenever I've tried to bring anything off! Anyway—it looked safe, especially after

no one here in the house knew I wasn't John."

"What were you to do?" Barbara's voice, high, clear, steady, broke into the revelation for the first time.

"Sign some bills—disapprove some others," said Martin.

"Which bills were you to sign?" Galloway asked that, and Bill, too, leaned forward eagerly to hear the answer.

"There's a list—by their legislative numbers," said Martin. "It's in the third drawer on the right of John's desk. I—I can see now, of course, that there must have been something John wouldn't have signed—"

But Galloway was already searching for the list. He found it, and, a moment later, was comparing the numbers with those of a legislative calendar. He looked up, disgusted.

"Might be any one of them!" he said. "Of course, with time, we could find out which—and the Governor would know. But if a joker's cleverly worded you don't spot it the first time you read through a bill—"

"Let's let that go," said Bill. "We can't do anything about it, anyway, and no bills are going to be either vetoed or approved now."

But Galloway's face was grave.

"That's just the trouble," he said. "They are—going to be approved. Automatically. Unless the Governor gets back and acts on them. Any bill he doesn't veto within thirty days after the end of the session becomes a law without his signature. And the thirty days are up—"

Wayne was reckoning up the time.

"Next Thursday!" he said.

"A week's a long time," said Bill, sentimentally. He didn't want to look at Barbara; she was nearer, that moment, to breaking down, than she had been since the trouble began. He turned suddenly on Martin Winston. "Do you know where they took your brother?" he asked, sharply.

"So help me God—no!" cried Martin Winston. "I—"

"Why did you come back—why are you telling us all this, now?" Barbara asked. "Why have you quit working for Mr. Hornaday?"

"I—I came to my senses, I guess," said Martin, wretchedly. "Up there in the woods—when I had nothing to drink—"

"How'd you get away, anyway?" asked Bill, curiously.

"Hornaday had men—watching me here. One of them followed—on a motor-cycle. He waited till he saw his chance—and broke the shutters. He made me go with him. We passed a car going up the mountain—in some sort of trouble. He made me help him get his machine through the woods. Then he had an accident and was hurt—but I wasn't—I was thrown off, but it didn't hurt me. And I went to Galloway—"

He stopped and looked around, desperately, at all of them.

"I want to do what's right!" he cried. "I wish to God—I wish I were dead—"

Bill and Wayne looked at one another. The same thought was in the minds of both. That was a wish that would soon be fulfilled, probably. For if ever a man carried the stamp of death upon him it was Martin Winston just then.

"All right—all right, Martin," said Galloway, soothingly. "You needn't worry any more now. I'm going to

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take you back to my office now, and I want you to dictate a statement of what you've told us, and sign it, before witnesses, so that it can be used in evidence if necessary."

He rose, and Martin Winston got up, too, and stood, swaying a little, a pitiful, indeed, a tragic figure. Gallo-way took his arm and led him away, and the three who were left looked at one another.

XIV

"WE'VE got to find your father," Bill said to Barbara. "And we've got just one week to do it." "Yes—" she said. "I wish we knew—"

She stopped. "It's all so queer!" she cried. "Bill—Jerry—I'm afraid! It's the first time I've ever really been frightened in my life! It's like being in a room in the dark and not knowing where the door is—or—anything—"

"Look here—we've got some things to feel good about," said Bill. "We don't know what Hornaday was trying to do, exactly—but he's lost out so far. His plan to use your uncle's fallen through. And he's sitting on a keg of dynamite, because we're in a position to prove the abduction. You know—we'll have to spring that, if it comes down to a question of the last day or two—"

Wayne looked scared.

"The papers, you mean?" he said. "Seems to me we don't want them in on this—"

"Of course we don't—if we can help it," said Bill. He shook his head, impatiently. "If we only knew anything! But—it stands to reason we can't keep this thing quiet much longer. It's a wonder to me nothing's broken yet. A governor can't drop out of sight the way you or I could. And, at that, I'll bet my brother's wasting a lot of perfectly good money on telegrams and long distance calls, right now!"

"What can we do?" said Barbara. "We've talked enough—"

"We've got to watch Hornaday, of course," said Bill. "He's our very best bet. He knows where your father is. He knows what this is all about. Where are his headquarters, Wayne?"

"Spokane, theoretically. But he's not there much. He's back and forth—Seattle, Portland, San Francisco. He lives in his car half the time—carries a secretary with him—"

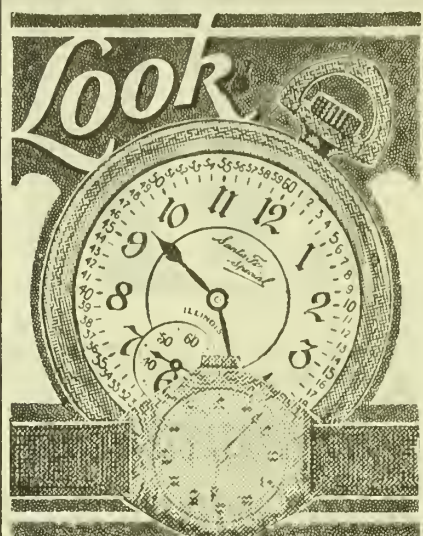
"Our friend Garvin? Yes. I remember him," said Bill, darkly. "Where's his car now?"

"It was in the yard here yesterday afternoon," said Wayne. "He'll get back to it some time soon—if he hasn't reached it already."

"Let's get Chuck," said Bill. "Barbara—Wayne and I haven't a chance to freeze to Hornaday. Do you think Chuck could?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll get him." "I don't know about you," said Wayne, when she had gone for the chauffeur, "but I'm stuck. I feel darned queer, too."

"Who wouldn't?" said Bill. "I don't know how this thing got going, but if it doesn't end up in a first-class scandal I miss my guess! That's our biggest weakness—Hornaday doesn't care a whole lot whether we show him up or not. And we couldn't ever connect him with that business at Butte—not so he could be indicted. Everyone might be—"



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lieve it—but we couldn't prove anything."

Wayne's lips were parted to speak when the telephone rang—a queer, hesitating, uncertain sort of ring.

"You take it," said Bill. "Sounds like a long distance call—"

"Hello!" said Wayne. There was a pause. "Yes—that's right—this is Governor Winston's house—"

He looked up, just as Barbara came in.

"Long distance calling," he said. "Some place I never heard of—sounded like Laketon—"

They waited, strained, attentive. Suddenly Wayne jumped.

"Hello—yes—yes!" he cried. "It is—?"

Barbara fairly flung him aside. She snatched the receiver.

"Hello!" she cried. "Hello—Dad—it's Barbara—where are you—are you all right—?"

Wayne and Bill hung on her words.

"Yes—yes—I understand—the third turn—left—go on—Central! You cut me off—" Furiously she moved the receiver hook up and down. "Central—I was talking to long distance—you cut me off—I don't know—they were calling me—"

"His voice just went!" she said, letting the receiver fall and turning to them. "Right in the middle of a word—"

"Tell us exactly what you heard!" Bill's tone was peremptory; it steadied her, and she pulled herself up.

"He said to come for him—to let you know—" She nodded at Bill. "Laketon—through the main street, the third left turn past the railway tracks. And that was all! He was cut off—"

"Pulled from the 'phone, more likely," said Bill. "Gives us something to go on, anyway. How far's this place?"

Chuck knew, when, a moment later, he came.

"Laketon? Sure—about a hundred miles from here," he said. "Nothin' much there—fruit country. Ship a lot of apples. There's a lake and some bungalows, few miles out. Railway runs through it—Midland main line."

"Chuck!" Bill's voice rang out commandingly. "Know anyone down in the railway yard?"

Chuck grinned.

"Sure," he said. "Get down there. Find out if Hornaday's private car is still there. See if you can find out if they've got any orders about it. And come back and report. Got a car in good shape for a long run?"

"All right. Wait a minute—run me in to town with you—come to the Marcy House for me after you're through at the yard."

"Have you got to go?" asked Barbara.

"Got to get a razor and some clean clothes. Won't take long. You stay here, Wayne, will you?"

"Ye-es. Say—if the car's still there, can't Chuck bring my bag back with him? I could do with a clean shirt myself!"

"Right! Gives him an excuse for being down there. All right—let's go, Chuck. Drop me where I can get a taxi."

XV

CHUCK knocked at Bill's door, three quarters of an hour later, and when he burst into the room

Bill was just scraping off his beard.

"Any luck?" "Don't know. The car's gone—pulled out on the 12.09 east bound. Couldn't get the orders—yardmaster was the only one who knew them. I got Mr. Wayne's bag, though—been put in the check room in the station for him to call for."

That might mean a lot—it might mean nothing. Only one thing for it, anyway, that Bill could see—to go to Laketon. Barbara would insist on going; that was certain. And he didn't want her. Unless he was very much mistaken, there was going to be rough work before long. Hornaday wasn't the sort to quit—not easily, anyway.

He stopped to tell Galloway of the latest development.

"You go ahead—it's a chance," said Galloway. "In the meantime, I'll be here. I've got to keep Martin right with me. He's on his best behavior right now—but I've seen him that way before. Besides—if the worst comes to the worst, two can play at Hornaday's game."

"Gosh!" Bill cried out, joyously. "I never thought of that! You mean—use Martin ourselves—?"

Galloway nodded.

"It's a last shot—but we've got it in the locker. Fact is—I'm not sure the safest thing to do isn't to rush him right back to the house, put him to bed, and announce that the Governor is ill."

"Pretty dangerous," said Bill. "Means fixing a doctor—nurses—all that. Wait till we've drawn this Laketon covert. Twenty-four hours now won't matter much. But getting him out to the house is good dope. You won't have Chuck—I'm going to take him with me. But Mrs. O'Neill knows the truth—and you can trust her."

"All right. I'm working on those bills. I'll find the joker if there's one to be found. I've a pretty good notion of what Hornaday might be after. And I know some law."

Barbara, as Bill had foreseen, refused even to consider the possibility of staying at home.

"Not a chance," she said. "Look at me! Won't I do?"

She was dressed for the trip already—knickerbockers, stout shoes, a hat like a man's. She looked like a man—at a little distance. Wayne grinned at Bill.

"Don't waste time arguing," he said. "I know her better than you do! You could make a mule agree with you, maybe, but Bab—!"

"Beast!" said Barbara. "I'm as reasonable as I can be. But when I know I'm right—! And why should you two do it all? Of course I'm going!"

"All right," said Bill. "Look here—there's no use in getting to Laketon till dark. Chances are they'll be looking for us, anyway. If your father was pulled away from that phone they traced the call—they may have done that, anyway. We've changed the license plates on the car we're going to take—put on those from my wreck. Your father's special license is too easy to spot. And Chuck and I've worked out a roundabout way. So we can start any time now."

"We don't know that Hornaday's gone to Laketon, of course," said Wayne. "He probably has—"

"We can't find out, anyway," said Bill. "That's one thing he can do, naturally—cover his tracks along his

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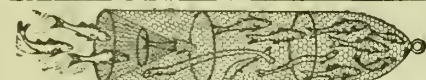


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own railway. And even if we could
trace the car we couldn't be sure he
was still in it."

The route Chuck Barnett and Bill
had worked out for the trip to Laketon
added something like seventy miles to
the hundred of the straight road. Chuck
drove, though, and in open country he
devoured miles as a locust does years.
Bill had to warn him, sometimes;
Chuck's ordinary contempt for speed
laws, acquired largely because no police-
man would dream of stopping the Gov-
ernor's car, had to be modified.

"We'd be in dutch if we were stopped,
you know," said Bill. "I think they
send you to jail for using one car's
plates on another machine! And we
can't afford to be held up."

"All right—all right!" said Chuck.
"No state cops travel this way—and
I'll show a fine line of dust to any vil-
lage flatfoot that tries to start any-
thing!"

Nevertheless, he did use some discre-
tion. They dined beside the road,
twenty miles from Laketon, after dark,
and proceeded cautiously thereafter,
with Bill driving—for Chuck, it had
turned out, simply couldn't be asked to
drive slowly.

They weren't coming into Laketon
from the west, but from the south, after
a wide detour. And that confused the
directions they had. Bill stopped the
car, presently.

"I'm going to do some prospecting,"
he said. "There's a lot we can do with
knowing that we don't know now. I
want to find that road we're to take—
so we can come to it another way.
There's a good chance that they're wait-
ing for us along the road, you know."

"That's so," said Wayne. "Want to
go alone?"

"I'd better," said Bill. "You wait
right here. If the map's right we're
about half a mile from the civic centre
—which is that patch of light over
there, I suppose. I'll spot the turn by
counting from the tracks—and I'll see
if Hornaday's car was slipped in here.
If I don't get back in an hour use your
own judgment about what to do—it'll
mean that something's gone wrong."

"Right!" said Wayne. And: "Good
luck, Bill!" Barbara called after him.

Bill had had—and had rejected—an
idea about disguising himself. It
seemed to him that unless you were
really expert at that sort of thing it
didn't pay. You just looked as if
you were masquerading, and made
people suspicious. He reckoned up his
chances. Three people, at least, were
pretty sure to recognize him at sight.
Hornaday—but he'd see Hornaday first,
probably, because of his bulk, and have
some chance, at least, to elude him. Gar-
vin—and he was afraid of Garvin, and
didn't mind admitting as much to him-
self. And—the motor-cyclist who had
assisted him when his car broke down
on the way from the Winston house.
Bill remembered his presentiment that
he and that friendly spy were to meet
again.

He walked along as if nothing were
weighing on his mind, though. The
road he was following brought him
into a place much as he had pictured
Laketon. Straggling, shanty-like houses
began to appear on either side of the
road; the abode of the shiftless. Then
came houses more substantial; not
many of these, though. And then Main
Street, with stores, a post office—dark
now; a movie house, the magnet of long
lines of parked motor cars; an ice



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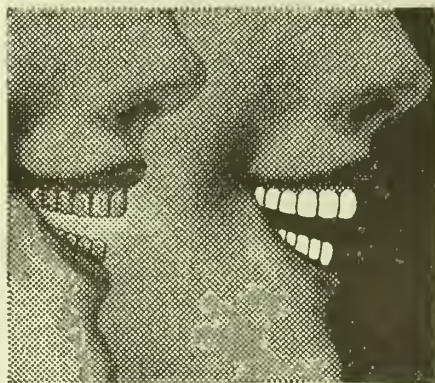
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cream parlor; a couple of pool and billiard parlors, a big brick block that housed a co-operative store and a fruit exchange; a very fair looking hotel, with chairs set out before it—as a tribute, probably, to the mildness of the local winter, for no one sat in them.

A uniformed policeman stood outside the hotel; he gave Bill a glance, professional, to be sure, but cursory. Bill turned into Main Street and walked toward the tracks. He could see the station; a certain activity indicated that a train must be coming. There was a single track here, but the signals showed that the expected train must be west-bound. And Bill's heart leaped as he surveyed track and siding—for there, brilliantly lighted, was a private car! Hornaday's, to a certainty!

And, somewhere up the line, a switching engine was puffing as it moved; Bill could see its headlight, approaching along the track on which the private car stood.

A sick feeling overcame him. Lord—suppose they'd overplayed the waiting game! And it looked—it certainly looked as if that car were about to move! A white-coated porter stood in its open door, looking out, as if he expected some one. Bill was torn. He didn't know whether to go on or wait. In the distance an engine whistled for a crossing; the rails began to hum, with the warning of a train coming at high speed.

Puzzled, scared, Bill hesitated. He turned east, and now he could see the distant light of the coming train, and the humming of the rails grew louder, and began to give way to the actual thunder of the train. And then, along the road he would have followed, came a car—coming from the direction he must have taken. He knew, even before it was upon him, flashing across the tracks just before the gates went down, whose car it was. Hornaday's, again!

He leaped back from the car as it was upon him. He saw Hornaday and Garvin—and, between them, Governor Winston himself—knew him, even in spite of the great ulster that wrapped him, its collar turned up.

He cried out, but he wasn't heard. Hornaday and Garvin had no ears or eyes for him. The car stopped; all three men jumped out. The train was in; the private car was already being coupled to the rear coach. The porter was down, with a step for his passengers.

Bill raced toward the car. Garvin went up first; to his amazement Hornaday followed—he had supposed force must be used to make Winston go. But no—the Governor was climbing the steps of the car as if the journey were of his own choice.

"Governor—just a minute!" Bill shouted as he ran. The idlers about the station turned to stare; Winston hesitated a moment. Bill could see Hornaday, his face twisted with anger and surprise, looking down as he recognized his voice.

"Here—" Bill was clinging to the handrail; the engine whistled, the train began to move. "Come back—your daughter's here—"

He pulled at Winston's coat, desperately; got a foothold, for a moment. And then Winston's fist shot out and landed squarely on his chest, and Bill was flung back from the moving train.

(To be continued)

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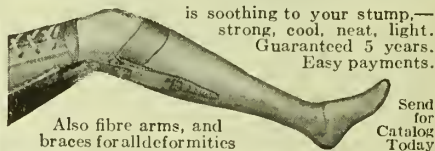
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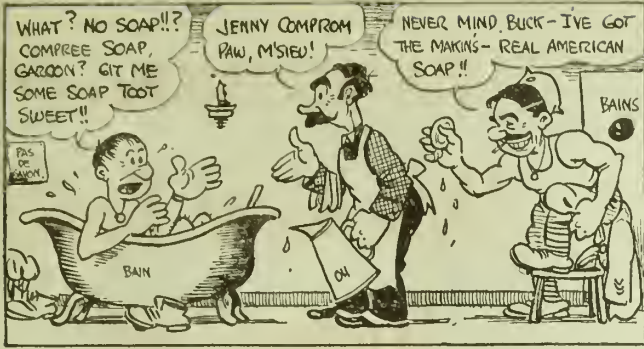
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Help Buddy Win In New "Cake" Walk!

When Buddy appeared in the front row of the Meuse-Argonne Whiz-Bang Revue, there were two things he yearned for above all others.

Duds and Suds!

Every once in awhile a Krupp ashean would whine overhead, then plow its steel snout through the mud and play absolutely dead. That was a Dud.

But Suds were even rarer. No soap, no towels, and only a shell excavation for a finger bowl!

When hostilities ceased, the first cake of soap he saw looked good enough to eat—and Buddy's not a regular cake addict, either.

For many A. E. F. bathers the village "bain" was the bane of existence. The damp, clammy vault, the tin-lined rowboat perched on four legs, the lack of warm water and public sympathy—but these things faded not Buddy, so long as his soap came in the original "made in the U. S. A." kimono.

He came out of that bath feeling like a new man, even behind his ears.

There were times when the spirit of chance overcame Buddy and he'd bet his last centime, on the speckled deceivers.

But not his soap. There he found the going too slippery. He knew that with one slab in reserve he could always bank on a clean-up.

Inspection never caught him without a cake in his kit. He knew other ways to make the inspector foam at the mouth.

The war taught Buddy one thing: That soap is one of man's greatest blessings. In discussing this comfort and health essential, he fairly bubbles over.

Buddy laments the fact that soap advertisers are backward in placing their vital messages and wash drawings in The Weekly.

The Weekly's readers are all soapier folk. They are interested in com-

parative qualities as represented by soap brands. The right sort of advertising in The Weekly will have a powerful effect on the buying habits of many thousands of soap purchasers.

Makers of shaving soap have already proved this to their satisfaction. And there are pleasant surprises ahead for the purveyors of ablutionary accessories who sound suds assembly in The Weekly.

Now is the time to anticipate the needs of Saturday night—and of those every morning showers!

Fellow ex-members of an Army which has washed and won since Washington:

Let us rouse these soap advertisers to action's boiling point. The oil of our publicity will bring them sweet-scented prosperity.

Kindly use attached soap rapper to rap soap advertisers out of their lethargy as to the merchandising merits of The American Legion Weekly.

He Used His Type-writer for a Collar

As he plunged into the waves in despair. So would your post Publicity Officer if he— Well, Wally has told the whole sad story in black and white.

The Original of This Cartoon

depicting the pitiful plight of Publicity Pete belongs to your Post if it sends in the greatest number of coupons from this Buddy Talk.

To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43rd Street, New York
I would like to see the following brand of Soap advertised in our Weekly:

I
Give reason
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Post

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

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VVVVAllinger Tire & Rubber Co.	24
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VVVVAcorn Brass Mfg. Co.	
VVVVAikman Mfg. Co.	25
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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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